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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 351

EDITORIALS:

The German Débâcle 354
An Independent Progressive 355
Taxing Stock Dividends 356
A Broker in Books 356
Self-Assessment of Income 357

A DIP INTO RUSSIA. By Henry G. Alsberg 358

THE SOCIALISTS' TRIAL AT ALBANY: A Summary. By Lewis S. Gannett 361

SILVER IN THE WORLD MARKET. By John Franklin Crowell 363

THE CONVICTION OF ANITA WHITNEY. By Clare Shipman 365

INTELLECTUAL STARVATION IN GERMANY AND AUSTRIA. By Alfred H. Fried 367

OLD AGE. By Alice Corbin 368

IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 368

CORRESPONDENCE 369

BOOKS:

A Mixed Bag. By Mark Van Doren 371
Whose America? By Jacob Zeitlin 371
The Tailor Who Made History. By Richard Roberts 372
Greek Vases. By Gisela M. A. Richter 372
Growing Wings 373
As We Were. By H. A. Overstreet 373

BOOKS IN BRIEF 374

NOTES AND NEWS 375

DRAMA: "Jane Clegg." By Ludwig Lewisohn 376

MUSIC: Why a Beethoven Society? By Henrietta Straus 377

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION 378

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THE uncertain factor in the Presidential canvass thus far is Mr. Wilson. The candidacy of Attorney General Palmer appears to be so contrived that he can either pose as the representative of the Wilson policies if Mr. Wilson expresses no other preference, or withdraw with dignity in case Mr. Wilson prefers to be represented by someone else. The McAdoo boom has not yet materialized, partly, no doubt, because of uncertainty as to how the supporters of the favorite sons might receive the candidacy of the favorite son-in-law. The Hoover boom appears to be growing, but there is no very strong reason for thinking that Mr. Hoover's personal popularity, offset as it continues to be by his refusal to identify himself with any party, has yet reached the stage where it means delegates. The only really ominous candidacy is that of General Wood, who at present seems in a fair way to have the largest single following at Chicago even if he cannot control the convention. Now that the astute Mr. Hitchcock is going to work for the General, the latter can probably count upon a pretty solid Republican vote from the South. Where does Mr. Wilson stand in all this? Will he support Mr. Palmer as the Democrat best fitted to carry on the Wilson "policies?" Will he call Mr. Palmer to heel before long and put forward Mr. McAdoo? Is there a favored dark horse whom the President will lead into the ring at an opportune moment? Or will he turn the tables on his enemies by letting it be known that, of all the candidates, he at heart prefers General Wood? As Mr. Wilson has long since ceased to be a Democrat in anything but name, and as no third party is calling for him, the Republican party would seem to be the only one in which he might really feel himself at home. Anyone can see how slight would be the concessions necessary on Mr. Wilson's part to put him almost completely *en rapport* politically with Mr. Lodge.

FURTHER light on the situation fully justifies the halt that was called on the plan of the United States Shipping Board to put on the auction block, and knock down for whatever they would bring, the German liners which this country took over during the war. For instance, Mr. John Barton Payne, chairman of the Shipping Board, revealed very tardily the other day, in testifying before the Senate Committee on Merchant Marine, that the government had made a net profit of $166,493,990 out of its maritime transportation activities up to June 20, 1919. Undoubtedly we are now facing a period of lower freight rates, smaller cargoes, and sharper competition; but there is nothing to warrant the haste with which the Shipping Board almost sold one of the finest passenger fleets afloat before the public in general was aware of what was going on. It is now charged, also, that when Mr. Payne stated recently that it would cost $75,000,000 to repair the German liners, he was quoting maximum figures; whereas in June last he wrote to the President that it would cost from $40,000,000 to $50,000,000, basing his estimate on the lowest bids. The proposal of an arrangement whereby former lines of the Hamburg-American Company would be revived under American control introduces a new element into the situation, and makes more necessary than ever a Congressional inquiry.

MR. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, in talking recently before the Harvard Union, made some pointed criticisms of the Congressional system of government and of the ineffectiveness that has developed in connection with it in the administrative Departments at Washington. Unlike some of our "Americanization" proponents, who would convince all persons—and especially foreigners and school children—that our institutions should not be changed by the dotting of an "i" or the crossing of a "t," Mr. Roosevelt demanded "the Americanization of government affairs" by a reorganization upon modern business lines of the methods of Congress and of the Executive Departments. He favored a budget system, but declared that the present bill for the establishment of a budget had been drafted with such regard for the ancient privileges of Congressmen as to be practically worthless. Mr. Roosevelt emphasized the need of new ways of classifying and adjusting salaries. "I have no hesitation in saying," he declared, "that, if I were given a free hand in the navy in the matter of pay to employees, I would increase the actual number of dollars paid to them by $5,000,000 a year, but at the same time, through increased efficiency, I would save the government at least $15,000,000 gross, a net saving of $10,000,000."

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TREATY or no treaty, American protected manufacturers go on with their program. The Free Trade League, in the first of a new series of bulletins, calls attention to a number of bills now before Congress which aim to secure increased protection for American industries. Three bills which have passed the House of Representatives, and are now in the hands of the Senate Tariff Committee, take from the free list tungsten, magnesite, and certain zinc ores, and place upon those articles various duties rising, in the case of tungsten, to $1 per pound. Another House bill imposes upon pearl buttons specific duties in place of the ad valorem duties of the Underwood tariff—a familiar device for increasing protection which has had many illustrations in our tariff history. Still another House bill, properly characterized by the League as "a positively vicious measure," imposes new or higher duties on optical glass, scientific or laboratory apparatus, and surgical or dental instruments; while still another materially increases duties upon coal-tar products. The supporters of these latter measures doubtless rely upon the lingering anti-German feeling in this country to help them in protecting themselves against German competition. Peculiarly objectionable, from the point of view of protection, is the so-called Anti-Dumping bill of the House, which gives to the Treasury Department extraordinary powers in the reappraisal of imports, and exempts the final decision of the Board of Appraisers from review by any Federal court.

WE trust that the report that Henry Ford is going to devote considerable sums and the skill of his engineering staff to the construction of dirigible balloons of the rigid German type is true, not, of course, because we are interested in them as weapons of war, but because they hold out such remarkable prospects of development for the purposes of trade and passenger traffic. An American observer, Col. William N. Hensley, Jr., who has been spending six months abroad as an official student of the rigid type of airship, reports that "all other countries are mere babes in the woods compared to the Germans" in airship construction and operation. Sixteen times Col. Hensley made the voyage from Friedrichshafen, on Lake Constance, to Staaken, thirteen miles from Berlin, in the "Bodensee," a Zeppelin built since the armistice. Sixteen times, he says, he regretted the end of his voyage, which on one occasion was enlivened by a successful race with an aeroplane at 168 kilometers (about 112 miles) an hour. The "Bodensee" has been making these trips daily, without an accident, since last October. A snowstorm has no terrors for it; only a very strong, cross-hangar wind prevents the trips. On one occasion it found its way to Berlin by dead reckoning, with only one glimpse of the earth, and was but fifteen minutes late at the Staaken hangar. Indeed, there are no limits to Col. Hensley's enthusiasm for this extraordinary aircraft. America ought not to lag behind in this field of unlimited possibilities.

COERCION in Ireland is producing its usual effect and hardening the national will against any compromise with the new "Better Government of Ireland" bill. When Sir Horace Plunkett rejects a measure and Sir Edward Carson supports it, the final word on its chance of success with the Irish people has been spoken. The new bill, which will probably be forced through Parliament, provides for a single chamber Legislature in the North and another in the South. The southern Parliament, should the measure be enacted, would without doubt be predominantly Sinn Fein and would attempt to constitute itself a Republican legislature; and British military control would inevitably be continued. As Sir Horace Plunkett has remarked, the bill will result only in bringing martial law to the part of Ireland that wants self-government, and Home Rule to the corner which never has asked for it. Sir Edward Carson, on the other hand, sees as an alternative to the present bill the Home Rule act of 1914, which, unless some such amending measure is passed, will come into force on the signing of the last treaty of peace. That act, in Sir Edward's opinion, would place Ulster under the control of the Dublin Parliament. If Sir Horace Plunkett and the Irish Dominion League are opposed to the new measure, the Sinn Feiners are contemptuously indifferent to it.

BRITISH diplomacy has produced a situation in Turkey wherein France and Italy, whether they desire it or not, must coöperate in the occupation of Constantinople. The French press is divided, some papers indignantly charging an intention on the part of Great Britain to obtain still further advantages in the Near East, while others are willing to credit the British with honorable intentions in spite of their high-handed methods. There seems to be little reason to doubt the reports of the recent Armenian massacres; they have been too long a part of Turkish policy, particularly of Young Turkish policy, to make their probability a matter of dispute, especially since the appointment of a Nationalist Cabinet under Mustapha Kemal Pasha. On the other hand, the Turks claim that their people are subject to constant persecution at the hands of the Armenians and the Allied troops, and that their newspapers are not allowed to print the facts regarding such ill-treatment. In spite of disorder in Turkey, however, and in spite of public protests against Turkish control of Constantinople, it is generally believed that either Allied or British occupation of the city is a demonstration rather than a threat of permanent control. What the French press is asking the world, and what the Turks are doubtless asking themselves, amounts to this: Will Great Britain assume responsibility for "order" in European Turkey and Asia Minor under a mandate or some less formal arrangement, leaving the Sultan on his throne in his sacred city as a sop to its Mohammedan subjects? If the French can prevent it, Great Britain will not assume such duties; if the Turks can prevent it, such an arrangement will never be made; but if it comes to the point of action, neither French nor Turks can prevent it, and the answer to the question may be found in the White House at Washington.

THE Czecho-Slovak land law of May 27, 1919, providing for the purchase of land by tenants, is an interesting example of the working out of a system of partial expropriation and re-division of land. The land to be sold comprises expropriated estates, state land, and church and endowment estate land, unless any of such lands belong to a town or other community. A tenant may buy, at a price fixed by the courts on the basis of values in 1913, eight hectares (approximately twenty acres) or less of land which he or his family have leased practically continuously from October 1, 1901, to June 12, 1919. Exceptions are made of persons deprived of their land since August 1, 1914, either lawfully or unlawfully, by the exigencies of

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war. Payment may be made all at once, or on a nine-year mortgage at 4 per cent interest. No one may have more than eight hectares, including land previously owned. The time limit for filing claims to land expired on September 18, 1919; anyone who could prove inability to make a claim during the specified time is at liberty to file a claim within two years, but otherwise the right of purchase is lost. Statistics showing the results of the law are not yet available, but it is estimated unofficially that 80,000 tenants have signified their desire to acquire more than 250,000 acres of land which they occupy, or an average of a little over three acres per tenant.

FROM the Chamber of Commerce of St. Louis comes such an admirable resolution in regard to conditions in Mexico and our relations with that Republic that one feels fresh hope of overcoming the lies that are being told about our neighbors on the Rio Grande. The Chamber protests against the impression that Mexico is on the brink of another revolution and that American interference may become necessary. Not since the beginning of the revolutionary movement, it declares, have conditions been so stable or so promising as now. During the last three years imports from Mexico have gained 70 per cent over those of 1912, 1913, and 1914, and exports during the same period have increased 110 per cent. In the first nine months of 1919 Mexico purchased more automobiles from the United States than did France, while its purchases of cotton goods were twice as great as those of Brazil. The St. Louis Chamber urges the press of the Mississippi Valley to print the facts, thereby demonstrating "the financial, commercial, political, and social progress of the Republic of Mexico" and bringing to its new leadership "assurance of the sympathy of the forward-looking men in the United States." Finally, it pays tribute to the integrity with which, during the darkest days of the revolution, the merchants of Mexico invariably discharged their St. Louis obligations. Equally remarkable is the testimony of an oil man, Mr. Joseph Guffey, of Pittsburgh, president of the Atlantic Gulf Oil Corporation, who has just spent seven weeks in Mexico. Mr. Guffey denounces the misrepresentation of Mexican conditions, and declares that the country is more prosperous than at any time in its history and that order is being restored everywhere. American investments in Mexico he considers as safe as Mexican investments, and he regards Carranza as "an intelligent, high-type, constructive, and honest statesman, a man who has a definite objective and is making rapid and systematic progress towards its attainment."

THE purchase by Harvard University of three of the remaining dormitories near its property which were owned by private interests, marks the final break with the former *laissez faire* policy of the University in the matter of housing. Ex-President Eliot believed that it was not the duty of the university to interfere if capitalists chose to erect costly dormitories near its grounds, except that the university insisted on the right to place proctors in the buildings to supervise the conduct of the students. This policy resulted in a rapid development of what was known as the "Gold Coast," a group of dormitories to which the well-to-do students flocked, partly because the dormitories were fashionable, and partly because they offered many conveniences not to be found in the old college buildings. President Lowell made it his business as soon as he was elected to combat a situation which not only widened the social cleavage already existing among the undergraduates, but which also did the university a great deal of harm with the general public. Thanks to the sensational newspapers, many people believed that the true Harvard found its expression in these luxurious buildings. President Lowell's freshmen dormitories were planned to constitute in themselves a real melting-pot for the university, and thereby to strike at the exclusiveness of the "Gold Coast." Now that the university has become owner of most of the remaining privately-owned dormitories and can control their rental and equipment, it is to be hoped that there will be no further effort on the part of outside investors to cater to the supposed needs of rich undergraduates.

THE dismissal of thirty-two men from the Boston Symphony Orchestra apparently foreshadows further demoralization of that once splendid organization. Beginning with the refusal of its founder, the late Major Higginson, to compel it to play the national anthem, on which point he had to yield, followed by the arrest and internment of the unworthy Dr. Muck, the war-time deterioration of the orchestra was rapid. This season the trouble has come up again, but now it is the snag of unionization which has been struck. Major Higginson was absolutely opposed to the members of the orchestra joining a union, and he accordingly forbade it; but since the players received a weekly wage which in some instances was far below the union scale, the desire for union cards naturally was great. The directors have now dismissed the concert-master, about whom the storm centered, and his thirty-one supporters, but there are rumors that the dismissed members will found and support a new union orchestra of their own. Altogether, it is a most unhappy situation. Major Higginson intended to leave a million dollars to the Boston Symphony, but for some reason or other he altered his will. The new directors are, therefore, asking rich music-lovers to meet the deficit as Major Higginson was in the habit of doing. They are not willing, however, to profit by the example of New York orchestras, whose membership in the union is an accepted fact.

WE welcome most heartily to the ranks of liberal journalism the new weekly, *The Freeman*. Under the editorship of Mr. Albert Jay Nock and Mr. Francis Neilson it cannot fail to be vital as well as well written and full of information. Its special interest in the land question insures its readers valuable contributions on a subject with which the country must grapple vigorously if we are not to see reproduced here the conditions of semi-peonage and absentee landlordism which have worked such harm to rural England. Beyond that, *The Freeman* may be counted upon to take a broad and just and liberal view of events in Europe and other countries, and at this moment there cannot be too many American journals of that type. That its founders believe that there is a sufficient reawakening of liberalism in the United States to warrant publication of a new weekly is, in itself, ground for encouragement and satisfaction. *The Freeman* is especially to be congratulated upon the excellence of its typography and makeup; the first issue sets a high standard for itself in the interest and value of its articles. We hope that it may soon be counting its readers by the thousand.

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The German Débâcle

FOR the militarist *coup* in Berlin the responsibility rests not upon Ebert or Erzberger, nor upon any political forces within what remains of Germany, but upon the Big Five and the Supreme Council. From the beginning of the Peace Conference until the end, indeed until quite recently, everything that the Allied leaders did was done as if planned to make impossible the success of the German Republic. Throughout the war Mr. Wilson called upon the Germans to throw off the Hohenzollern yoke and to take into their own hands the reins of government. They did so, but it availed them not. Wise statesmen in Paris would have recognized—as did the American Peace Commissioners, with the exception of Mr. Wilson—that the establishment of a strong republic in Germany was essential if there was to be a bulwark in Central Europe against Bolshevism and violent revolution, if the Germans were to be in a position to pay the huge indemnities demanded of them, if the normal processes of world trade were to be reëstablished. Instead, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Lloyd George, M. Clemenceau, and Signor Orlando acted as if they desired chaos in Germany and Austria, as if the best way to enthrone order and stability in Berlin was to weaken and humiliate the Ebert Government in the eyes of its people.

So, less than a year and a half after the victory of the Allies over German militarism, militarism appears to be reëstablished in Berlin. It can hardly stand very long, we think. A letter from Dr. Theodor Wolff, the editor of the ably conducted Berlin *Tageblatt*, recently received, forecast the possibility of a monarchist revolution, but voiced the writer's opinion that if the militarists came into power they could not last long. The letter dwells upon the fact that the Allies and America seemed bent upon weakening the Ebert Government as much as possible. March and April, Dr. Wolff wrote, were certain to be the critical months, and all the liberal elements were wondering whether the attack would come from the Junker Right or the Spartacist Left. The American correspondents at Berlin have been cabling and writing similarly in their private messages; they rejoiced when the Allies receded from their demand for the Germans accused of war crimes and decided not to violate the sovereignty of Holland in their desire for the Kaiser's head. Both decisions seemed to indicate that there was at last a glimmering of common sense among the Premiers; but, like so many other acts of these "supermen," they came too late to do more than help the Ebert Government to maintain itself a few weeks longer.

We would not, of course, deny the weaknesses and follies of the Ebert Government. It was necessarily a compromise affair, and no more in Germany than in any other country has the war produced a great leader. It was impossible for Ebert to steer any course that would please the Clericals, the Monarchists, and the extreme radicals alike. One could only hope that somehow or other he would be able to hold on until, with the return of prosperity and of renewed national vigor and desire to work, a strong, constructive Government could be established. But the continuance of the disastrous blockade, French bitterness and revengefulness, the Shylock determination at Paris to exact the last pound of flesh—these made success impossible for the Ebert compromise régime. Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, with the clear vision of the situation which he has shown from the beginning, does not hesitate to place the blame. It rests squarely, he says, upon the treaty makers, with their utter disregard of economic conditions and dangers. Plainly, he too sees that the proper policy would have been to give all possible moral support to the Ebert Government, and to have supplied last year the loans and raw materials which the Economic Council has lately been planning with a hindsight which may prove so costly to all of Europe. But during the long, hard months since the armistice the unthinking among the German public, and the Junker press with malice aforethought, have blamed the Ebert Government for the lack of food, the crippling of the railways, the high cost of living, and all the other features of a situation which would have been impossible for the ablest Government that Germany has ever known to cope with in a short time.

Yet our faith in republican institutions is such that we are reluctant to believe that the German experiment must now perish. Militarists there are still in Germany—former army officers by the thousand who still believe, with their professional brethren in all countries, even in America and England, that only the mailed fist counts in this world and that the true measure of a nation's greatness is the size of its army and navy. Men of this type, wherever they live, learn nothing. But the bulk of the German people are sick of imperialism; the masses know that they were in the wrong during the war, that their former rulers lied to them and deceived them for four terrible years, and that the judgment of mankind was against them. They are through with the Kaiser and all his works. They desire a republican form of government. They want no more of the Prussianism which Von Luettwitz represents. The question now is whether there is enough morale and power left in a half-starved and mentally exhausted people to struggle very hard in the absence of a great leader on the liberal side. There comes a time when no appeal stirs any longer, and when the one over-ruling desire is to be let alone—when even the acceptance of an unpopular and autocratic Government seems tolerable if thereby peace and quiet may be obtained. No one can forecast events of the next few days, but a reassertion of liberalism may still be hoped for.

But has the Ebert Government, which showed its feebleness so clearly in the haste with which it fled, sufficient vitality and power to reëstablish itself and to render harmless the machinations of Hindenburg, Ludendorff, Von Luettwitz, and all the rest? Much will depend upon the attitude of the Allies. With their unexcelled capacity for blundering, so clearly illustrated in the handling of Russia, the danger will be of similar vacillation on the part of the Premiers between the policy of humanity and justice and that of ruthless imperialism. Fortunately, the early indications are that the Allies may adopt the correct policy of hands off, leaving the Germans free to work out their own salvation. They will, of course, make it clear that they do not favor the restoration of a monarchy, that the crowning of a Hohenzollern would meet with absolute disfavor. Between moral influence and physical intervention there is all the difference in the world. The one is legitimate and proper; the folly of the other, Russia has demonstrated. Thus far, the indications are that the lesson has been learned. As for America, we have no question that its sympathy will be with the German republican forces.

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An Independent Progressive

MR. HOOVER has again stated his position with regard to the Presidential nomination. In a letter to a representative of the "Make Hoover President" club, he declares that he is "an independent progressive." The issues before the country are new, he says, and "the great parties" have not yet taken positions regarding them. Mr. Hoover still objects, however, "as much to the reactionary group in the Republican party" as he does to "the radical group in the Democratic party." Meantime, he is not a candidate, and "cannot conscientiously participate in any organization" which proposes to make him one. He belongs to "a group which thinks that the American people should select their own officials at their own initiation and volition, and that resents the manufacture of officials by machine methods." "Party organization," of course, he believes in, and he is "not a straddler on any issue;" but the object of party organization should be "the promotion of issues, not of men."

Mr. Hoover, in other words, is in the position of the high-minded and independent citizen who will doubtless consider a Presidential nomination if it is offered to him, but who will not deliberately sanction any organized effort in his behalf by declaring himself a candidate. What he thinks regarding any of the public questions on which "the great parties" have yet to make up their minds, the letter does not state. Fortunately, however, he has thrown a little more light on the subject in an address delivered at Chicago, on February 28, before the Western Society of Engineers. The main topic which he then discussed was agriculture. After pointing out the disadvantages, in hours and wages, which burden agriculture in comparison with other industries, the inevitable struggle for world markets, the necessity of lowering the cost of placing farm products in the hands of consumers, and the evils of car shortage when crops are to be moved, he urged the improvement of deep water navigation between the Great Lakes and the Atlantic, effective government regulation of such things as refrigeration and of railway transportation, the reduction of marketing costs by reducing the number of local distributors, and extension of coöperative marketing.

It is in expounding his views about railways and business that Mr. Hoover, in his Chicago address, most clearly elucidates his position. He is opposed to the nationalization of railways. He favors coöperative marketing because it "does not reduce initiative or competition," and hence does not conceal "the bogie of socialism." And it is initiative and competition that he would preserve. The test which he would apply to a business is "not the size of the institution or the volume of capital that it employs, but the proportion of the commodity that it controls in its operations." When a business becomes so large as to interfere with free competition, he would have the government regulate it and restore competition. The wisest government policy, in other words, is negative rather than positive; "it should become positive only when the initiative—such as a Panama Canal—is beyond the capacity of individuals or groups." To put the matter in another way, the proper function of government is to prevent big businesses—there can hardly be much trouble with small ones—from going too far; to prevent any business from controlling more of a commodity or its distribution than the government thinks it ought to control; in short, to keep business well in hand.

It is hard to see in these two recent pronouncements of Mr. Hoover anything notably "independent" or "progressive." Private ownership and operation of railways under government regulation constitutes neither an independent nor a progressive program; on the contrary, it is not only the program which the country has adhered to for a generation except for the period of the war, but its wisdom is also more widely questioned today throughout the country than at any previous time. Even Mr. Hoover himself, as he clearly indicated in his New York address of February 17, regards it as on its last trial. The only progressive railway policy of which the voters are thinking is nationalization, and that Mr. Hoover flatly rejects. The economic doctrines of initiative and competition which he expounded at Chicago are hoary with age, and have either been rejected altogether, or else are held only with fundamental modifications and exceptions which far outrun Mr. Hoover's conception of government regulation, by many genuinely progressive and independent thinkers. As for coöperation, we do not understand that Mr. Hoover proposes to extend it by government aid; and if the government is not to be concerned with its extension, coöperation can hardly be an important campaign issue. The righting of the wrongs from which the farmers suffer would be indeed an issue of commanding importance if its principles and methods could once be progressively formulated; but since, aside from coöperation, Mr. Hoover has nothing fundamental to offer on that subject save the continuance of competition and the stricter regulation of transportation, both of which are largely responsible for the condition in which American agriculture finds itself today, the farmers may well hesitate to pin their faith exclusively to him.

We have no doubt that a good many voters who are sick of Republican and Democratic politics, yet who cannot bring themselves to the point of actually supporting a Socialist ticket, are looking to Mr. Hoover as the man who perhaps can help them in their dilemma. To such he doubtless appears as the representative of a middle course—progressive enough to be marked off clearly from the reactionaries, while at the same time too conservative to be counted a radical. It may well be doubted whether there is in this country today any substantial body of liberalism of this middle-of-the-road character; or, if there is, whether it possesses enough cohesion to follow any one leader. What stands out most clearly in the Presidential campaign thus far is the strong reactionary tendency of the Republicans, the hopeless lack of leadership and ideas among the Democrats, and the growth of liberal, labor, and radical groups which will have nothing to do with the candidates of either of the two old parties. It would be interesting to know to what "radical group" in the Democratic party Mr. Hoover, in the letter from which we have quoted, alludes; but if such radicalism as the Democratic party shelters, but which few even of its critics have perceived, is anathema to him, on what kind of a platform can he stand with any hope of winning independent or progressive votes? We cannot but think that Mr. Hoover is losing the opportunity which his friends apparently desire for him of heading a strong liberal movement. Republican reaction, helped on as it is by dissatisfaction with the Wilson régime and by popular dread of extreme radicalism, threatens to drag with it large numbers of voters who wish to be known as progressives; but can Mr. Hoover lead this waiting company?

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Taxing Stock Dividends

THE decision of the Supreme Court that stock dividends are not taxable reminds one of the fable of the villagers who, poor but ingenious, planned to get rich by taking in each others' washing. To enhance their feeling of opulence they charged each other a round sum each week. When the income-tax inspector arrived, he was delighted to find that every family showed on its account books a handsome income. In vain did the villagers plead that they paid out as much as they took in, and that they had no income; the family washing, being a personal expense, could not be deducted. The Supreme Court, however, goes back of appearances to the realities. In the case of stock dividends, it declares, "nothing is distributed except paper certificates." So, no matter how much richer we may feel when our favorite corporation "cuts a melon," we are merely fooling ourselves. We have only just so many more certificates, with numbers and allegorical or realistic pictures engraved upon them. If, however, we sell our pretty certificates, then, whether we eat our melon or store it away in a new investment, we must pay a tax on the "profit."

Doubtless the august Court is quite right. But do we not love to fool ourselves about our incomes and our wealth in other ways as well? Why single out this one way? The grocer and the butcher charge the carpenter more for groceries and meat, and he charges them more for carpenter work. After it is all over, neither has any more to eat or to wear than he had before, and lucky is the one who has as much. But each has a larger income, we say. If I shave myself there is no income, but if I go to the barber shop I increase the barber's income; yet in each case I am shaved. A hard-working farmer falls sick in the plowing season, and his fields lie fallow for a year. But the doctor, the nurse, and the druggist fall upon him and get an income from his misfortune, reaping where he had not sown. Meanwhile, also, the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker continue to extract from the poor farmer their usual incomes. Perhaps there is no better measure or test of income than money, but sometimes the results are whimsical. If I catch a basket of trout, which under the game law I may not sell, I have a day's sport but no income; yet my family has a fine feast. But if I catch a mess of perch and sell them, I have an income.

The point involved in the decision is a broad one. The Sixteenth Amendment gave Congress power to tax incomes. Congress defined income to include "gains, profits, and income"—a definition, by the way, as enlightening and descriptive as "pigs is pigs." In so doing, Congress tried to add something under "gains and profits" that was not necessarily income. It was further provided in the statute that stock dividends should be taxable if they constituted a "distribution" out of "earnings or profits." The words "or profits" were again added to extend the meaning of income. Now the Court has simply swung back to the layman's idea of income. That idea is that income is something that a man receives currently, and which he may spend (or save if he can) without impairing his future. If the annual dividends of a company increase, and the increase seems likely to be permanent, the value of the capital stock increases. The increase in income was the cause, the increase in the value of the stock was the effect. If the cause is income, the effect cannot also be income. The recipient of a stock dividend can realize the so-called profit only by giving up his right to some of the regular dividends. He can then restore his income only by reinvesting. But if the government, meanwhile, takes part of his so-called profit, the increment in his capital, as a tax, he never can fully restore his income. It is poor policy for the government to tax the capital, for by so doing it loses a long series of future taxes.

The Court goes further, and declares that even if the stock dividend represents surplus earnings retained and invested in the business, it is still not taxable income because "it remains the property of the company and subject to business risks which may result in wiping out the entire investment." This is a purely legal way of looking at the matter. The fact is that even such an investment is worth something only if the future earnings or income give it a value. It is, however, refreshing to find that the Court can see the facts behind some of our pleasing little fictions, and that it recognizes that the par value figures on a stock certificate are, like the engravings, merely symbols to please the eye. Yet we shall probably still go on taxing our villagers for taking in each others' washing.

A Broker in Books

GIVEN the city with the largest number of the richest men vying with one another as book collectors, and one of them is bound to surpass the others unless some unlikely accident makes the result a draw. Given in that city a large group of men desperately contending to be the most successful agents of these collectors, and one of them is exceedingly likely to leave his rivals behind. In the natural order of events the competitive book collecting of New York produced the late George D. Smith, although it was of course his peculiar talents that brought him into the position which he, and not some one else, occupied. Greatness is less easy to measure than fame; so far as mere fame was concerned Mr. Smith stood pretty easily alone. The $50,000 which he paid for the Gutenberg Bible on vellum brought him even a greater reputation than it brought Mr. Huntington, the actual purchaser. The American public, which had never heard of such a price, wondered; and it later exulted at the spectacle, which had thorough publicity, of Mr. Smith outbidding European bidders at auction after auction. Here was a new kind of broker—a broker, that is, who dealt with wares not heretofore thought of by the public as so valuable or so exciting as they now appeared to be. Not only did the dealers in old books everywhere look eagerly on, but innumerable garrets were ransacked and old, neglected volumes brought forward in the hope that some of them might command the fantastic prices which the newspapers talked about. In a way, there can be no doubt that Mr. Smith played a considerable part in shifting the emphasis in book-selling and book-collecting.

He shifted it, indeed, one degree further in the direction of a specialization which would have astonished Tonson or Lintot or Dodsley or Richardson or Franklin. The bookseller was originally both publisher and retailer. As such, he was in more or less intimate relations with authors, that is, with the production of literature. In the nineteenth century, publisher and retailer come to be different persons, the publisher dealing with the author, the retailer with the public. Mr. Smith derived by the line of descent from the

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retailers, but he was so much more specialized than Quaritch or Dobell that one could not imagine his playing any such part as these men played in the history of literature and scholarship. Mr. Smith was, purely and simply, a broker in books. Moreover, he was the victorious scout and agent of the rich. The knowing book collector of modest means rarely went near his shop, being aware that of such books as a slender purse could afford there would be copies at a fraction of the price in a dozen other places. And authors, of course, had no dealing with Mr. Smith at all. The republic of letters had grown so large that a great and conspicuous department of it could be devoted wholly to the buying and selling, reselling and rebuying, for fun or profit, of memorable copies of the books of men long dead. Many of the collections thus recently made, of course, are already of the greatest value to scholars, and some will be of still greater value when they have reached the public repositories for which they are intended. But very much of the collecting for which Mr. Smith acted as agent was only sport, and much of it was sheer gambling on the chances that books would rise in value.

It is perhaps an essential irony that literature, practised by so many at so desperate a sacrifice, should be thus posthumously the amusement of millionaires. Unquestionably, great collections of great books are a tribute to the dead and a service to the living men of letters. But it is an interesting question whether collecting has not been pushed to a point in some ways positively detrimental to literature at large. The great collectors of the past were often also patrons of men of letters, and in that capacity really assisted in the production of literature. The old system of patron and poet was bad; it bred both condescension and servility, and it could not now be revived. At the same time, even a portion of the money at present spent on association books—the books of kings, for instance, purchased at fabulous prices by self-made Americans—and rarities of small intrinsic value would save poets from despair, and would allow scholars to spend unhampered years on works not immediately profitable but in the long run a use and pride and glory to mankind. The pitiful amount of public or private assistance given to American artists, men of letters, scientists, is one of the scandals of our civilization. Even England, by the pensions of her Civil List, has done infinitely more than we. And in countries where Anglo-Saxon neglect of the arts is not a tradition, literature has for a hundred years been encouraged as we have not even dreamed of encouraging it. We are the richest people in the world, and we are importing the rarest books as fast as we can find them and dislodge them. Yet we have practically no pensions or prizes for literature, and almost no endowment of research. Our scholars spend exhausting and prohibitive hours at teaching or editing to keep themselves dustily alive. Our poets, even our successful poets, paid less for years of admirable work than a successful painter may receive for the work of a few weeks or even days, must live on the very margin of subsistence or else devote the greatest part of their strength to trivial work. If the state will not pay as much attention to such matters as it pays to experiments on hog cholera or the eradication of poultry pests, our men of great wealth might be expected to take a hand. Yet every day brings tales of amounts paid for books of merely eccentric or fashionable value, the income from which would sustain some precious career of poetry or learning.

Self-Assessment of Income

WHY should the taxpayer carry the burden of making his own assessment under the income tax any more than he does under the property tax? As the law now stands, we make our own assessments for the Federal income tax, and pay the tax, or a part of it, at once without any conclusive official verification of our work. To be sure, the Collector is supposed to examine the returns when we file them. He may "increase the amount of the return," but may not lower it. Then, "as soon as practicable after the return is filed," the Commissioner examines it. He may raise or lower the amount of taxable income or he may leave it unchanged. Changing it constitutes the only official assessment ever made. Commissioner Roper, reporting last December, stated that owing to lack of trained assistants he had gotten little beyond the examination of the returns of income of 1917. Further, for 1918 incomes, and presumably for the 1919 incomes, a large part of the returns filed will be left with the Collector for examination. Last year 3,500,000 out of 4,125,000 returns were thus left entirely without official assessment. Of these only such as involve appeals will be assessed by the Commissioner.

As a matter of fact, there is no proper official assessment of the income tax at all. It is self-assessment corrected if need be by official audit, and nothing more. Is this as it should be? What kind of orderliness would there be if the property tax were due and payable on the taxpayer's own statement and as soon as he filed that statement? The property taxes are never due until an official assessment has been made, reviewed, and audited. During the war there were good reasons why taxes should be collected quickly, and informality might be excused. But now it seems clear that we should proceed as soon as possible to build up an orderly system.

Unaccustomed to income taxes and unfamiliar with their difficulties, we have assumed that incomes are very simple things to assess. Moreover, we have assumed that incomes are intimate personal matters, to be kept as secret as possible. As a matter of fact, incomes are no easier to assess than is property, and there is no more reason for secrecy as to the final assessment of incomes than there is as to the final assessment of property. What is needed is that, after the taxpayer has filed his return, which may be kept as secret as you please, there shall be an official and formal assessment made by a responsible assessor. That assessment should be subject to review, on appeal of the taxpayer or at the initiative of the government, before a properly constituted local board of review, with ultimate appeal to still higher authority. Not until the assessment has been made should the tax be due. The tax liability of each person for each year should be a settled fact three or four months after the declaration is filed. The tax returns we are now filing will not be passed on or formally accepted for at least a year, and the law allows five years to elapse before the right of the government to revise and re-assess ends. Meanwhile, billions of dollars have been and will be paid without any formal warrant other than the individual warrants which each taxpayer writes out for himself. It reminds one of the beginnings of the poor rates in England, when each parishioner cast his contribution into the poor-box in fear of God, but with no approval save that of his own conscience when he cast the right amount.

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A Dip into Russia

By HENRY G. ALSBERG

Ataki, Bessarabia, January 25

ATAKI is a typical Russian village, now Rumanian by the force of the Peace Conference; how long to stay so, under pressure of the oncoming flood of the victorious Soviets, nobody knows. Ataki is planned on a grand scale, with an eye to the time when it shall be a metropolis; wide streets, a large plaza, a village of magnificent distances. As, however, it contains perhaps two thousand inhabitants, who for the most part live in one-story houses made of straw and mud, and as its streets are innocent of all pavement, its magnificent distances present certain grotesque features, not to speak of actual inconveniences. When the thermometer is below freezing, you can take a walk without danger of slowly sinking from view in the bottomless mud. But this winter being mild, a walk from the Hotel Kardonsky to the prefecture can be counted as a hazardous undertaking.

The village has for the most part a Jewish population. There are two mayors, one for the Jews and one for the Christians. But the power behind the throne is Mr. Zipperman, who names the mayors and the deputies to Parliament, and entertains visiting strangers: generals, governors, and American journalists. He lives in the only house built of brick. But his family, like all the other families, enters by the kitchen door, and has only one living, dining, and sitting room, all rolled in one.

The military establishment consists of a platoon of soldiers, with a captain as *platz commandant*, and a company of *granitzieri* which is supposed to guard the Dniester against incursions from the other side, more particularly from Mohilev, directly opposite. Everybody has a considerable fear of the military, which represents the power of martial law still in force.

The house assigned us as a residence is called the Hotel Kardonsky. A venerable Jewish landlord and his second wife keep this little white-washed, one-story mud hut. It is immaculately clean. The Kardonskys have most of their children in America. The second Mrs. Kardonsky confided to me that her husband did not know yet that his first-born son, who had made a decent success of life in America, had died several years ago. On the other side of the Dniester the pair had a married daughter, whose fate except in so far as we have been able to bring news of it, is unknown to them. But this is the fate of more than half of Ataki. Everybody has relatives on the other side of the river, who are perishing in the reigning anarchy. Two hundred yards away are their dear ones, perhaps dying of starvation or disease, or pogromized, and yet no helping hand can they give. Indeed this situation is typical of perhaps half of the population of the cities and villages of Bessarabia. The great iron bridge, smashed and lying half submerged in the swirling ice-floes of the Dniester, the bridge that used to link Ataki with Mohilev, graphically typifies the situation.

My friend, Casana, a Rumanian journalist, and myself have just returned from a short dip into Russia. In fact we got no further than Mohilev. I, for one, have been circling around the idea of getting into Soviet Russia for a long time, like a hound dog about the heels of a dangerous tramp. Casana and I met on the way home from Kamenietz-Podolsky, when we spent three days making a seventy kilometer trip on four of the last inner tubes Petlura's government could muster. We arrived at Czernowitz, the capital of Bukowina, without any serious mishap except an encounter with a young Rumanian officer who wished to reserve the only compartment with unsmashed windows for himself and his young lady. From Czernowitz we hurried (it took us twenty-four hours) to Ataki. We presented ourselves at the *commandatur*, only to be greeted with a freezing reception. Everybody seemed to be against our going across to the other side. It was dangerous. True, a battalion of Galician-Ukrainian troops were there keeping order. But no one knew how long it would last. Then there was the question of our passports. The captain found a defect in my visa. The brigade general at Ocnitza was telephoned to. He wired to Kishenev to division headquarters. A day passed without any answer. Another day. Finally Casana and myself took the train to Ocnitza to speak with the general. With us the captain sent a little Ukrainian officer, Markof, who also wanted to get to Mohilev, and who also had trouble about his passport. The general proved more than affable. He gave us the required permission to cross, apologized for trouble caused us, and gave us a wagon and three horses to return to Ataki in.

Now the roads of Bessarabia are two tracks in a waste of mud. It was late when we started out. We lost the way and wandered several hours across ploughed fields mottled with patches of snow. Then the harness always kept falling to pieces and having to be mended. Finally we rattled out on the *chaussée* along the Dniester six kilometers below Ataki. A *chaussée*, stripped of all surfacing, proves a terrible instrument of torture if applied to one's spine via a springless cart, as we now found out. But Madame Kardonsky had a very welcome chicken supper ready for us when we broke into the hotel and also a good glass of contraband *tsuika*, which was followed by cigarettes of contraband tobacco.

The next day we went to the *Commandant*, who had, reluctantly, to consent to our crossing. The trip across proved short but eventful. The bark was as cranky as a racing shell and the river as full of ice as the Delaware when Washington crossed it a number of decades ago. I am thinking of the famous chromo in the Metropolitan Museum. Great ice floes kept booming up against the sides of the little shallop, spinning it around like a top and turning it up on edge. I, at the bow, and the boatman at the stern, pushed, coaxed, and bullied our way through as best we could.

Mohilev presented the appearance of a quiet, normal little city, not at all a whirling center of riot and revolution. There was even a cab or rather a droshky stand off the main street. The sidewalks were full of people coming and going about their business. Who would believe that this city had had twenty different governments in the last year or so?

Hardly had we debouched in the principal thoroughfare when an enormous individual, tall as an Alp, enveloped in a huge dirty sheepskin coat, with the fur turned inside as lining, and a great dirty *cachula* on his head, came up to us; he asked who we were and whether he could be of service. This

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individual proved to be Reissky, the much-dreaded Bolshevik leader in this region. He has two villages near Mohilev in the hollow of his hand; two villages excellently armed and well disciplined for plunder. So that practically every government of Mohilev finds it expedient to stand in with Reissky. He has a rough eager mujik's face, a bit bloated by too much vodka drinking, but a good deal of energy and fire in his little beadlike Tartar eyes. Before we had gone much of any distance a number of Galician officers caught sight of us, and fell about our necks. We were dragged to the *commandatur*, where the captain of the battalion and the *polchovnik* greeted us effusively. It was not often that an American journalist came to Mohilev. Besides I have by this time found out that the weaker and shakier a government is, the more cordial is its attitude toward journalists. And the Galician grip on Mohilev evidently was very weak indeed.

Some day a historian will be found to write the epic of this modern ten thousand, or rather, hundred thousand. Driven out of their fatherland, eastern Galicia, by the Poles, they fought more than half a year the battle of their Ukrainian brothers under Petlura. Last September the Galician leader ordered the desertion of the Galicians to Denikin, who promised to fight for the recovery of eastern Galicia. This Judas policy killed Petlura's chances without helping the Galicians. For, behold, Denikin has vanished, and the Galicians are once more adrift, fighting this way and that, without why or wherefore.

The group in Mohilev had remained behind when Denikin's army fled toward Odessa. For more than a month, surrounded by a hostile country, villages in revolt, they had maintained themselves and a certain degree of order in the town. But alas, they also had fallen into a state of demoralization. Their ruin was spelled by the great sugar stores left behind by the Volunteer Army, more than forty carloads. Realizing their precarious position, the officers began to sell this sugar for their own private profit. They neglected the soldiers, who went about, badly clothed. half-starved, an easy prey to typhus. Of seven hundred soldiers, only two hundred were fit for duty when we landed in Mohilev. But the officers all seemed fat and well-groomed. The officer assigned to me was a tall, good-looking chap, who spoke a broken German and who kissed me on both cheeks at frequent intervals. My young officer told me he had been assigned to keep Reissky constantly drunk, so that he could not go back to his villages and make trouble.

In the afternoon we went to the house of a Jewish merchant, who urged us to put up under his roof while in Mohilev, a proposition to which we gladly agreed. I had brought a large sum of money on behalf of an American society for distribution to the Jewish destitute poor of the town. We had a conference before we went to bed with the local pogrom committee, turned over the money, and got receipts. It turned out to be fortunate for us that we had been made the agents of this charity. The next day we spent trying to find out ways and means for getting on our way to Kiev. We inquired from every source how best to go. But all the information we received proved quite useless, because we always found another person who had information to impart of a flatly contradictory nature. The roads were safe; the roads were infested by bandits from the villages. We could travel safely by day. Or, again, we were told that in the first village we came to the villagers would steal our horses and our belongings.

Now I felt perfectly able to justify myself to a Bolshevik commissary, but was somewhat staggered by the idea that I might have to convince a bandit of my right to go to Moscow as a correspondent. In short, the only conclusion one could draw from all these rumors and reports was that the country appeared to be in a state of complete disorganization, without any decently organized government at all. Plainly the Soviet Government had been so busy sweeping out Denikin on the other side of the Dnieper that it had not been able to send any disciplined forces into western Ukraine. Petlura is undoubtedly the most popular name in the Ukraine, about the only ideal the demoralized peasantry has left. On fairly good authority, I learn that Petlura has at last been driven, by Entente policy, to make a dicker with the Bolsheviks. He has agreed to fight with the "Activists"—the Ukrainian independent Bolsheviks—who in turn have patched matters up with the Soviets. Perhaps this dicker will save him from the oncoming tide of the Red Army.

Our problem of departure seemed insoluble. The *polchovnik* suggested that we go with his courier next morning to Jampoldown River, and from Jampol to Vapniark, where there were (in all probability) a couple of battalions of Galicians. We would have the protection of three soldiers *en route*. On the other hand, we would have to provide our own cart (at twenty thousand rubles). And at Vapniark we were only twenty kilometers nearer Schmerinka than at Mohilev. We decided to return to Ataki and think matters over. The little Ukrainian officer, Markov, asked us to take him along. We were to meet at three o'clock in the hotel. Promptly at three we appeared at the place of rendezvous. But we had to wait at least an hour for our Galician friend. And when he did come he said that we would have to wait for another officer who wanted to come with us, Captain Kowalsky. It seemed some parties in town didn't like Kowalsky and had sworn to get his hide that night. We learned later that he had been one of the chief sugar profiteers. At any rate, Kowalsky thought he'd be better off on the other side. We walked over to the *commandatur*, where were waiting two droshkies; also a large and rather glum-looking crowd was gathered on the sidewalk. We waited for Kowalsky a full half hour. When he finally appeared he carried a rifle over his shoulder and his hand was on the butt of his pistol, visible to all the world at his belt.

We drove off in the gathering gloom amid an ominous silence. Arrived at the river we shouted across to the custom house that they should fetch the captain. A Rumanian soldier shouted back that he didn't care to bother; it was too late. We went up on the bridge, slipping and sliding along the twisted steel beams, till we got to the broken span overlooking the swirling ice-floes some fifty feet below. We tried to make the sentry on the other side understand what we wanted. But the roar and crunch of the ice drowned our voices. It was almost dark when we turned back into town much discouraged. Kowalsky lost no time in vanishing down a side street. Markov went to the hotel, and we returned to the house of Mr. K.

That evening we heard nothing unusual. At seven o'clock the electric lights were turned on. (Mohilev still ran its little power plant.) Mr. K. called up various acquaintances in town to find out whether things were quiet. (Oh, paradox of paradoxes! In Mohilev the telephones work better than in Bucharest.) We had a very pleasant supper. Life is not very dear, reckoned by Rumanian leis, in Mohilev, and

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you can have everything you want, even down to excellent sardines and herring. The contraband trade is active.

We were awakened next morning by Mr. K.'s eldest son. He poked his head in at our door and remarked, "I think the Bolsheviks have arrived." We jumped up, got dressed, and wanted to rush into town. But Mr. K. said: "Wait. My sons will go into town and see what has really happened." In about an hour the boys came back. "The town has not been taken over by the Bolsheviks, but a robber band has gotten control, arrested all the Galician officers, and disarmed all the troops. The bandits are now parading about town with hand-grenades swinging at their belts." This put a rather serious light on matters. Later reports told us that the new "Ukrainian Socialist Government" declared it would hang any one who had any communications with the Rumanians. Also all persons were forbidden even to go to the river front. My friend Casana looked rather serious at this report. Of course we offered at once to disembarrass Mr. K. of our presence, as a house-to-house search might begin any moment. But he said it would be just as bad if we were now to go and be arrested and it became known we had stayed at his house.

More alarming reports began to come in. Several of the Galician officers had been very brutally maltreated. Kowalsky had been severely beaten. The city treasure of several million rubles had been taken by the bandits; also the cash box of the Galician battalion containing more than 800,000 rubles. If they had only used this money to feed and clothe their soldiers the Galicians would not now have had to complain that their soldiers had deserted them. It was moreover announced that the new government would levy a contribution of six million rubles on the city. This was a record, since the Bolsheviks had never taken more than four million. But in justice to the Bolsheviks it must be said that they neither robbed nor plundered nor raped nor murdered. They did execute about a dozen persons during their régime.

In the early afternoon a council of the Jewish community committee was called to sit on our case. This council decided that since we had risked our safety to bring the suffering Jews pecuniary help, every effort should be made to save us from the clutches of the bandits. The general opinion was that I would merely be beaten and robbed, but that Casana would be shot. It was decided to send us in hiding to a small Jewish family whose house in the poorest quarter of the town would not be searched. Later, arrangements would be made to get us across. So toward dusk Casana and myself, disguised in old clothes lent us by the K.'s, might have been seen sneaking down back lanes and byways behind a venerable Jewish patriarch who seemed to be intent only on the deepest problems of the Talmud. Somewhat to the rear of us came Mr. K.'s sons, who were sent after us as rearguard skirmishers to see whether we arrived safely or not. I had under my coat my brand new *cuchula*, which I had had made in Bucharest, and which I was too vain to leave behind. What should happen now, just as we turned into the busiest Jewish street, but that I should let this beastly cap drop. A young man ran after me with it and began to converse in Russian, which I did not understand. Then an old woman caught up with me and began a conversation in Yiddish which I could make a bluff at, anyway. The young man went off down a side street, but the old lady clung for several blocks, like a leech. We passed two or three soldiers on patrol, but fortunately attracted no attention. Finally the old lady left us. And, after winding in and out, we came to a little white house in a large garden, where our guide turned in. He brought us into the house, his wing of which consisted of three rooms and a wee little kitchen. Everything was as neat as a pin, but as poor as a poorhouse. The old man introduced us to his wife, a little old body with a face like a russet apple, and his daughter, who had studied to be a dentist. I shall not soon forget the kindness of these poor folk. They sheltered us and they fed us; they gave us their beds to sleep in, they taught us Russian, and they made us part of their family. They had a calm courage in the face of all calamity which was admirable.

We had to stay with these kindly souls four days. Every day young K. would come and report on events. The men in power were Filuk, a former barber of Bessarabia; one Wengarsky, also a noted thief from Bessarabia; and Horsky, a Ukrainian. The Galician officers had for the most part been released. Kowalsky had had to pay 350,000 rubles as the price of freedom. Two officers had been foully murdered, one of them my tall blonde friend, because they had refused to humble themselves before the bandits. There had come two leaders from Schmerinka, leaders of the bands in that town, who had made an alliance with the local committee. Otherwise things went on just the same as usual. Business and life and town government. Even the telephones and telegraph and the only cabaret in town were functioning as usual. The bandits did not interfere in matters of local administration. People were forbidden to go out on the streets after seven, but nobody obeyed the ordinance. Markov had been arrested in his night-clothes in the hotel; a drunken bandit had snapped a gun at him which fortunately did not go off. Another had started to hang him, when Reissky, who acted as one of the governing board, interfered and saved him. He had been released and was in hiding, changing his place of residence every half hour, for fear that he might be rearrested.

We were told that arrangements had been completed to have a peasant, who lived above the bridge, put us across to the Rumanian side. This was first to cost three thousand carbovances. Then the peasant hitched his price to six thousand. Then a delay occurred because, through subterranean channels, the wandering Markov had made an appeal to be taken over with us. Then the peasant got cold feet. He maintained he must see our passports to be sure the Rumanians wouldn't beat him for bringing us over. This had happened to him once. I myself thought he ought to take his chance of a beating for 10,000 carbovances. But we sent him our passports for inspection. He was satisfied.

Toward dusk a member of the local Jewish Committee took us, again by byways, to the house—near the river—of Mr. F., who acted as middleman and held the money until the peasant should set us across. We waited in Mr. F.'s house an hour, but no Markov showed up. We were afraid something had happened to him and despatched a messenger to the peasant to tell him to get ready. But just then Markov came in with Mr. M. (whose store and cash drawer, as well as those of Kardonsky's son-in-law, had just been emptied out by the bandits). Things seemed to be coming our way at last. Then word came from the peasant that he didn't want to go because he feared being beaten by the Rumanian sentinels. The peasant was sent for. He turned out to be one of the most engaging young brigands I have ever met, with a fine open countenance, frank blue eyes, and a

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jolly laugh. He had earned, during the Petlura times, as much as twenty thousand carbovances a night smuggling people across the Dniester.

The young peasant expressed his objections to a Rumanian beating, and demanded guarantees. Casana finally persuaded him that we were representatives sent by the Rumanian Government and that the soldiers would receive us with a royal salute. At last he consented to take us. We slipped down to the river under a cloudless, moonless sky, and into his little bark. Again we went booming, with the noise of a barrage, it seemed, through the swiftly flowing ice-blocks. The shore proved to be lined with heavy barbed wire entanglements. We sneaked along until we came within a few hundred yards of the bridge, when a sentry hailed us. He took us to the custom house, and insisted on getting all the information we had then and there, although our feet were iced by this time. He also had the impertinence to make a search for contraband.

We went to the Kardonskys, who gave us supper and tea. It was hard after that to have to tell them that their son-in-law had been cleaned out by the bandits. The poor old bodies had no sleep that night. "You know," said Mrs. Kardonsky to me, "my daughter's children are delicate. They must be well-fed and clothed. We would send everything we have to them. But, dear God, how can we?" I left her silently wringing her hands in her apron.

The Socialists' Trial at Albany: A Summary

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

"IMAGINE a defendant brought into court on a charge of larceny," said Morris Hillquit, summing up toward the end of the trial of the five Socialist Assemblymen at Albany, "the District Attorney trying him for forgery, the judge submitting the case to the jury upon the theory of arson, and the jury bringing in a verdict of assault and battery. That is practically what you are confronted with."

Thaddeus C. Sweet, Speaker; Simon L. Adler, Republican floor leader; Louis M. Martin, chairman of the Judiciary Committee; Charles D. Newton, Attorney General; Martin Conboy, special counsel for the prosecution—each of them made an attempt at formulating the charges against the Socialists. The results varied. The evidence varied too.

The drama began in the Assembly on January 7. Speaker Sweet called upon the Sergeant-at-Arms to produce the five Socialists before the bar. "You are seeking seats in this body," the Speaker began, "after having been elected on a platform that is absolutely inimical to the best interests of the State of New York and of the United States. . . . You . . . are bound to act subject to instructions received from an Executive Committee which may be made up in whole or in part of aliens or alien enemies." He quoted from the Socialist platform of 1917, which declared in substance that the only war worth fighting was the class war, and from the resolution passed at the emergency convention last September, which declared solidarity with the organized workers of Russia. Speaker Sweet then read parts of the Communist Manifesto of the Moscow Internationale as an interpretation of the American resolution.

Mr. Adler, Republican floor leader, followed, reading a resolution denying seats in the Assembly to the five Socialists, "pending the determination of their qualification and eligibility to their respective seats," by a Judiciary Committee, yet to be appointed. This resolution recited that:

(1) The five Assemblymen were members of the Socialist Party of America;

(2) That party had declared "its adherence to and solidarity with the revolutionary forces of Soviet Russia," and was pledged to the furtherance of the international socialist revolution;

(3) It had thereby endorsed the principles of the Communist Internationale, which was pledged to the violent overthrow of all organized governments;

(4) The Assemblymen had agreed on joining to be guided by the constitution and platform of the Socialist party;

(5) If they did not carry out the instructions of the dues-paying members of the party, they were subject to suspension from the party;

(6) The Executive Committee, which might give them such instructions, might be made up of aliens or alien enemies;

(7) The party had declared that only the class struggle could justify taking up arms;

(8) The party had urged its members to refrain from taking any part in the war;

(9) The party had been "convicted of a violation of the Espionage act of the United States."

The charges, obviously, were charges against the Socialist party, not against the individual Assemblymen who were members thereof; and it was chiefly on that ground that the New York City Bar Association protested against the proceedings and sent a committee, headed by Charles E. Hughes, to Albany "to safeguard and protect the principles of representative government which are involved in the proceedings now pending."

Senator Lusk said it would be unfortunate if an impression went out that the action against these men was due to the fact that they happened to be Socialists. Senator Lusk is chairman of the joint legislative committee to investigate seditious activities which gathered such of the evidence against the Assemblymen as had been gathered before their suspension, and which was generally credited by the Albany correspondents with a large share of responsibility for the trial.

Speaker Sweet, who had formulated the first indictment, also named the Judiciary Committee which was to try the Socialists. It consisted of thirteen lawyers, ten Republicans and three Democrats, the chairman being Louis M. Martin, vice-chairman of the Lusk Committee. Mr. Martin, in formulating the indictment for the third time, combined the Lusk and Sweet-Adler points of view. He declared that the five Socialists were members of a party which "called for and demanded the complete destruction of our form of government by the fomentation of industrial unrest, the bringing into play of force and violence and direct action by the masses," but he added that as individuals they had "by voice and vote in public and in private opposed every measure intended to aid the prosecution of the war to a successful conclusion and gave aid and comfort to the enemy." They were, he said, "engaged in a large and well-

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organized conspiracy to subvert the due administration of law and to destroy the right to hold and own private property honestly acquired, to weaken the family tie which they assert is the seed of capitalism, to destroy the influence of the church, and overturn the whole fabric of a constitutional form of government."

The evidence may be classified roughly in three groups: evidence regarding the individual Assemblymen, evidence regarding the Socialist party as a party, and evidence having to do with Socialist parties in other countries, with the Communist party in this country, and with various other members of the Socialist party of America.

An extraordinary variety of evidence of this third class was introduced. The complete testimony of the Russian Soviet Ambassador before the Lusk Committee and before the United States Senate Committee, the complete record of the Victor Berger trial, the court record of three Socialists convicted at Syracuse for distributing amnesty circulars, speeches by various present and former members of the Socialist party, articles from Socialist papers going back as far as 1912, the manifesto of an international group of communists with headquarters at Moscow, an account of the general strike at Winnipeg in western Canada, propaganda of the Communist and Communist Labor parties which seceded from, or were expelled from, the Socialist party—all these were read into the record. In any ordinary court such remote evidence would have been excluded. But John B. Stanchfield, attorney for the prosecution, justified its introduction by the statement that "Every declaration, every speech, every statement of every man who is affiliated with or belongs to that party, is bound by the speeches, the sentiments, the writings, the books, the publications of every other man affiliated with that association, whether they were present at the time when it was uttered or whether they were absent."

Morris Hillquit moved the exclusion of much of the evidence. "I am inclined to deny all your motions without further argument," Chairman Martin replied. "Not because I do not say that you have argued conclusively as to some of the evidence, but in this wide scope of evidence, I am carefully analyzing it. I have gone down through 515 pages, and, as I have carefully analyzed it, 92 pages of that are quite important. You are dealing with a lot of lawyers and we can fix that up."

Much of the evidence hinged upon the interpretation of words. Various declarations of the Socialist party referring to "mass action," the "general strike," and the "social revolution" were introduced, and the prosecution interpreted these as appeals to violence. The party had, in April, 1917, just as the United States was entering the war, pledged itself to "unyielding opposition to all legislation for military and industrial conscription, continuous efforts for the repeal of such laws, and support of all mass movements in opposition to conscription." Algernon Lee, director of the Rand School of Social Science, and long a leading member of the party, defined "mass action," as used by Socialists, to mean "strikes, activities of labor unions, carrying out political campaigns, holding mass meetings." Otto F. Branstetter, national secretary of the Socialist party, said that the general strike as a weapon had never been endorsed officially by the Socialist party, although "it admitted the possibility of a general strike, and under conditions which might possibly arise, as being even desirable." Morris Hillquit explained on the stand that "the term 'social revolution' in Socialist pamphlets and the party manifesto meant merely a change of economic development and the substitution of public for private ownership of all necessities. The word 'revolution' does not have for us the romantic significance of barricade fights or any other acts of violence that it has for most of our newspaper writers and schoolboys. We mean by it merely change or transition."

"Solidarity with the revolutionary workers of Russia in the support of the government of the Soviets," as pledged by the Socialist party in September, 1919, came in for a great deal of definition. Attorney General Newton read in this an intent to substitute the Russian Soviet form of government for the American; attorneys for the defense saw only an expression of the right of self-determination. The attitude of the Socialists during the war was also a topic of much controversy. The Socialists opposed the war before it began, but did not obstruct it, declared Algernon Lee. They were flagrantly disloyal, said the attorneys for the prosecution, and cited the convictions of Victor Berger and others. "We opposed the war because we regarded it wrong to enter this hideous, inhuman slaughter called war for a country four thousand miles away from the scene of conflict and not concerned in it. If similar conditions arise again I am sure we will take the same position," said Morris Hillquit. "It is only the arrant political coward who supinely submits to what he in good faith considers a crime."

Four charges concerned the constitutional pledges required by the Socialist party. The strongest point in the evidence against the party touched its attitude toward military appropriations. Article XI, Section 3, of the New York State Constitution provides that "there shall be maintained at all times a force of not less than 10,000 enlisted men, fully uniformed, armed, equipped, disciplined, and ready for active service. And it shall be the duty of the Legislature at each session to make sufficient appropriations for the maintenance thereof." Assemblymen, taking the oath of office, swear to uphold the State Constitution. The national constitution of the Socialist party reads that "any member of the Socialist party elected to an office who shall in any way vote to appropriate moneys for military or naval purposes, or war, shall be expelled from the party." It was shown that the Socialist Assemblymen had in fact voted against appropriations for the State militia, although one of them, Waldman, testified that if they had had the opportunity of voting directly upon a minimum appropriation for maintaining the force required by the Constitution, they would have considered their oath to uphold the State Constitution binding over any statutes of their party. As a matter of fact, the militia appropriations against which the Socialists had voted in a previous session of the Assembly, were included in a general appropriations bill which had been rushed through the Legislature without adequate opportunity for study.

Much was made of the membership blank filled out upon joining the Socialist party, in which the applicant states that "in all my political actions while a member of the Socialist party I agree to be guided by the constitution and platform of the party." The defense admitted and justified this.

According to the State constitution of the Socialist party, a Socialist, when elected to public office, must "abide by and carry out such instructions as he may have received from

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the dues-paying party organization," and must, upon becoming a candidate for office, put a signed resignation in the hands of the party officials, to be made effective if he fails to carry out the party instructions. The defense asserted that the resignation clause had been a dead letter for at least ten years. Julius Gerber, State secretary of the party, stated that in his ten years in office he had never seen or known of such a resignation. The provision had lapsed since the passage of the State primary law. Members of the party did indeed promise and expect to be bound by the platform of their party, and to carry out any instructions from the organization which had nominated them, although, in fact, the five Assemblymen testified, such instructions had never been given them. They admitted that aliens were eligible to membership in the party, as were boys and girls over 18, and as women had been even before the suffrage was granted them. So far as constitutional provision went, the Executive Committee might be composed, as charged, in whole or in part, of aliens. But the Socialists submitted records of the party to show that in the past ten years no alien has sat upon the Executive Committee, and that, with one possible exception, no alien ever had. The national secretary testified that 74 per cent. of the party members were native-born.

Martin Littleton, attorney for Senator Newberry in the Michigan fraud cases, appeared at the opening of the Albany trial and made an eloquent speech denouncing the Socialists as "citizens of an invisible empire, having one corner of it resting in the heart of Soviet Russia, another corner of it resting upon the shoulders of the Spartacans in Germany, and another resting some place else, to which they swore allegiance." This charge seemed to refer to the so-called Socialist International to which the prosecution frequently referred as a sort of international government. Morris Hillquit, who had served many times as delegate of the Socialist party of America at conferences of the Internationale, declared that "at no time could or did the Internationale assume to direct the policies of any party. Its functions and its powers are principally advisory." He described it as an "exchange for Socialist views" and "an economic debating society."

A seventeen-year-old girl made a sensational charge against Solomon. In April, 1917, it seemed, Solomon was speaking from a platform in front of her home. A detachment of soldiers came by and asked to borrow the platform for recruiting. "Huh, the gutter is good enough for you," Solomon replied, according to Miss Chivers, "I would not let you wipe your feet upon it." When the soldiers' band played "The Star-Spangled Banner," she said, Solomon "turned up his coat-collar, pulled down his hat over his eyes, spat on the American flag, and sat down." According to the girl's testimony, not only were there soldiers present who did nothing, but several policemen stood by watching. Later in the trial two policemen testified that they were present during the speech, but that no such incidents occurred. Solomon also denied them, and the counsel for the defense ridiculed the story as absurd. The girl stated that although the incidents occurred in the spring of 1917, she had never mentioned them to anyone until after the Albany affair began.

Obviously the charges against the Socialist assemblymen as individuals were weak. They were, in fact, dropped in Martin Conboy's final summary of the case for the prosecution. In his attack the five became a group, not five individuals.

If the Socialists are convicted at Albany and their suspension from the Assembly is sustained, it will be on the ground that they are members of the Socialist party, a party which has had representatives in the New York State Legislature for three years, four representatives of which have sat in the Federal Congress, and whose candidates are regularly listed on the election ballots of most of the States.

Silver in the World Market

By JOHN FRANKLIN CROWELL

IN that comprehensive survey of things economic through which the business world is now going to find its post-bellum bearings, it has become necessary to relocate the position of the monetary metals, gold and silver. Gold is still clinging to the petticoats of governmental protection, in its restricted functions entailed by war and its aftermath. But silver, during the past few years, has run the gamut of appreciation from the lowest to the highest price of modern record. In fact, in certain divisions of the international exchange situation silver is dominating gold, as in the pouring of the yellow metal into India and China to relieve the world-wide drain on silver. Last November out of the arrivals of gold in the London market of nearly four millions sterling over 96 per cent. went straight to India, to sell at a premium to the bazaars. These and other facts may well lead us to feel that they live in a fool's paradise who lack the vision to see that a new readjustment between these two metals of monetary account may be inevitable as one of the major residuary problems resulting from the conditions following the World War.

Silver, in the world's economic life, has two distinct jobs. It is both a commodity and a currency. Mined in America, its main destination is Asia. This Asia, beloved of silver, has a population of at least 800,000,000 people. In their fiscal and commercial life the white metal does at least four things that may be regarded as veritable cornerstones:

1. Silver renders a monetary service of the first order as a measure of value, and as a medium of exchange it is without a competitor in trade, travel, and the ordinary transactions of these millions.

2. As the basis of non-metallic currency it has a function effective over an area almost as large as that of North and South America combined, and it gives current service to those instruments of credit without which commerce in its modern sense would be quite impossible in its present proportions.

3. Silver is the convenient means of hoarding much value in small bulk, so that it serves the purpose of conserving the surplus wealth of tens of millions in forms easily concealed and easily transmitted by gift or bequest.

4. Silver in the Orient has a highly developed speculative function. This is not simply confined to the trading part of silver's manipulation, as in 60-day contracts. In India's bazaars speculation has a far wider manifestation.

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It is more like cotton and grain in the speculative markets of the West. Its variations in value interest all classes and conditions. The rises of the past few years have leavened the entire lump of Asiatic life with a stimulus of new hope in a better era of human welfare. Trebly paid labor is developing the almost untouched natural resources of the earth's largest, if not richest, continent.

While the white metal renders a commodity and a currency service of some sort to the major part of the world, to more than half of the population of the globe in the Orient silver is the very life-blood of their circulatory systems, in its rôle as a prime currency. China and India, it is figured, require not less than 190,000,000 ounces a year, and Africa needs 25,000,000 ounces more, making 215,000,000 ounces for these three countries. The late Edward Brush, whose authority few if any would question, placed all other international requirements at 135,000,000 ounces. Against a world's demand of 350,000,000 ounces stands an actual world's production of only 190,000,000 ounces; so that a deficit of 160,000,000 ounces is the basic fact in the silver situation. In fact, the whole world is short of silver, and the mines are producing only half of what the world market is eager to take. What else than advancing prices could result from a scarcity of a commodity of such universal utility, in an era of extraordinarily high prices, under an enormous expansion of oriental purchasing power, and at a time when gold is hugging the shores of international service so closely as to greatly reduce its utility as a facilitator of exchange of goods in the world's trade?

But silver's present position was fundamentally affected by the war. Probably one of the most far-reaching movements in modern economic history will be found to have occurred when the United States released from its western world warehouses, and sold to Great Britain for shipment to India to settle a perilously big adverse trade balance, as much as 261,000,000 ounces of silver in the stress of war financing. That broke up the only large free reserve stock in the world's supply and transferred it mainly to the pockets of Orientals. At the time the significance of the Pittman act lay in its saving from collapse the second Mesopotamian campaign which broke Germany's grip on the Near East. For, in the opinion of at least one of the British Cabinet, India was bleeding the Empire to death and the war itself was, as an official cablegram to a colonial banker read, in danger of being lost unless Britain could get silver. So that, wholly apart from other considerations, the war gave a new and preëminent prestige to silver in world finance as a factor in the military outcome.

It is clear that the causes for the advances in silver and its insistent demand are universal. The price movement upward steadily reduced the ratio to gold and brought into speaking distance the bimetallic controversy of a quarter century ago. Later (in September last) the fixed price for gold gave way to competitive bidding. The suddenness of this enhancement has been rather disquieting. For instance, in 1915, silver struck the lowest figure in a period of 228 years or more. At the U. S. price of 51.8 cents an ounce, its ratio to gold was 39.84 to 1. That was in the second year of the war. By 1918 it had recovered to a ratio of 21 to 1, and in the official average price of 1919 it was 18.44 to 1, according to the Director of the Mint. At the high New York quotation in 1919 of $1.37½ an ounce, its ratio to gold was much lower than that. It was even less than the ratio of 16 to 1, on which the historic McKinley-Bryan campaign of 1896 was fought, rejecting the proposal to rehabilitate the silver dollar. During most of this time gold held the price level fixed by law in the international market, except as special demand resulted in rising premiums from rival bidders. But this stabilized or official gold price, compared with the market or free silver price, has put a premium on silver mining and a discount on gold production. In Mexico our consular reports made mention of the abandonment of many gold mines and a large increase in silver operations. Therein lies the fundamental corrective, of course. But it will be slow in producing results. Meanwhile it is phenomenal that in the course of less than four years silver has trebled in market value. That silver is primarily a by-product in the larger part of its production does not materially alter the conclusion that its higher price tended to discourage the production of gold. Speculative capital in the field where the pioneering profits of mining for the precious metals may be made must prefer silver under existing conditions. That means that less gold is certain to be produced at a time when it is most needed to bring the occidental currency and credit systems back to normal.

But the dynamics of enhanced silver prices have not stopped here. To the European and American currency systems on the gold basis, they mean that if silver keeps on rising in value to the point at which the bullion value in the market is enough to make a profit out of melting, then our subsidiary currency must begin to disappear. It is this threat, to drain out of our everyday monetary currency the coins of most frequent use, that disturbs our bankers, our Treasury officials, and our lawmakers, as the crop of remedial bills in Congress already shows. Further rise in silver values (above the melting point of $1.29) makes more necessary a re-coinage of fractional currency at a lower metallic content, as the gold basis countries all propose, to save their subsidiary coinage, of which we had $242,870,438 worth on June 30, 1919, from the bullion speculator and avoid resorting to the "shinplaster" currency of our Civil War times.

For the time being the key to the price of silver lies in the lap of China. During the war that country exported more largely than it imported, including silver to India, thus making the metal scarcer than ever in view of the great economic rejuvenation which seems to have come to Asia. China for the first time is bearing the major part in financing the soya bean crop, which Japan formerly did. China, during her political dissensions, has been borrowing of Japan and must pay her interest and amortization in silver, and the Chinese boycott of Japanese goods, on account of the rape of Shantung by Allied sanction, has given such an impetus to domestic industries as to call for vast quantities of silver to pay labor, to carry on trade and to provide for expanding business. Commerce with the United States in 1918 gave seven Far Eastern countries a trade balance of $408,000,000 against us. That has not yet been overcome; and until it is adjusted more nearly on a par it must dominate the silver market. Only recently all but one of the larger foreign banks in Shanghai suspended temporarily the issue of drafts for export shipments to America as silver's advances demoralized foreign exchange. Their only alternative was to raise the price of silver to the exporters who sold at American gold prices. Importers who buy in America for gold and sell in China for silver, reap a big speculative premium in the rising prices of silver.

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Such a situation must naturally stimulate imports and discourage exports, tending to perpetuate an adverse trade balance against the outside world. Our Government has within the past few months tried to relieve this situation by two expedients. In November it offered to sell "broken-up" silver dollars for gold, releasing 70,000,000 ounces under the Pittman act; and in December last it made available about $55,000,000 in silver through American banks in China. But these may prove to be only palliatives.

In the present organization of the world market the center of gravity of silver is in China-India. Will its value continue to develop, and if so, how may the problems of production, of distribution, and of utilization in currency systems be met without proving to be a mischievous source of upsetting values? These are inevitable questions. By way of answer, it seems that a long stretch of economic expansion lies ahead for these oriental peoples, thus calling gradually but surely for more metallic currency. In their coming currency systems gold may in due time divide the monetary and credit duties with silver to a limited extent. Certainly that would be so, if some means of stabilizing silver values, and thus its gold ratio, were to be developed. A large quantity of silver will be needed to set up the monetary systems of new nationalities in their housekeeping under the League of Nations. Finally, the growth in the purchasing power of the mass of the people among the industrial and commercial powers must call for more silver, as it was doing for years before the war on the Continent and among European colonies. If the war-produced fiat money retires slowly from belligerent countries, it will in a measure tend to defer the call for silver. Will silver in hiding during the war dehoard in paper's presence? Currency rehabilitation is apt to come latest in readjustments. Nevertheless, it will come in due time, and must be provided for. The yearly production of silver for the five years prior to the war averaged 221,000,000 ounces. If the stimulus of silver values averaging say a dollar and a quarter an ounce results in increasing the world's output by 50 per cent., the problem will presumably be solved. And if, as the governor of the Bank of England told the late Senator Aldrich, a 10 per cent. discount rate would send an ample number of men to the mining of gold, then an advance of 100 per cent. or over for silver should, well before 1925, have no difficulty in meeting the world's reasonable needs. Meanwhile, restoring trade balances is the best specific to ease the situation; the only permanent remedy is full steam ahead in production of silver.

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The Conviction of Anita Whitney

By CLARE SHIPMAN

IN the city of Oakland, California, there is a woman who for many years has been conspicuous for her diligent and unremitting work in behalf of the public good. She has been convicted of felony, under the Criminal Syndicalist law of her own State, and sentenced to serve an indeterminate sentence of from one to fourteen years in the prison at San Quentin. The simple facts of her life, stated without comment, seem to make a clamor of their own in the mind.

Miss Whitney is a graduate of Wellesley. She spent the winter of '92-'93 in college settlement work on the lower east side of New York. She did coaching and teaching in private schools for a year, and did it so well that Mr. J. W. McClymonds, Superintendent of Schools, requested her to be one of his teachers in the high school, and later, when she served as first probation officer of Alameda County (without pay), the same Mr. McClymonds recommended to her successor that the work be carried on after her efficient methods. This man was one of the twelve who pronounced her guilty of "criminal syndicalism."

In 1901 Miss Whitney took up her activities in California, serving for more than seven years as secretary for the Associated Charities, Oakland. It was then that she began work to do away with race-track gambling in California. In 1910, when suffrage was won in that State, she was president of the College Suffrage League. Miss Whitney became president of the California Civic League and held the office for two years, also acting as executive secretary of the Travellers' Aid. For seven years, up to the present time, she has been vice-president of the Public Welfare League of Alameda County and had worked with the California Civic League for the laws allowing women to serve as jurors. It would seem one of the grim tricks of destiny that the six women on the jury in her own case voted unanimously to convict her on the five counts of the indictment, though the jury agreed upon but one count.

Since the numerous raids and wholesale arrests, under the Criminal Syndicalist law, Miss Whitney has bailed out so many political prisoners that practically all she has in the way of property is held in this way, so as not even to be available for her own immediate uses. At the time of her arrest she was treasurer of the Labor Defense League, a body formed of representatives from various labor bodies to defend and employ counsel for those arrested under the Criminal Syndicalist law.

At the time of the last Socialist convention in Chicago Miss Whitney was a member of that party, and when the majority of the Oakland branch to which she belonged went over to the Communist Labor party, she had her membership card transferred, with others, to the new organization. It was supposedly her membership in this party which caused the inspector of police to visit the Women's Civic Center of Oakland, which she had helped to organize, and to forbid her to address that body. She had been asked to give a talk on the Negro problem. After the police order the members voted, three to one, to give her the platform, and she felt that the principles of American freedom demanded that she carry out the program.

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On the afternoon of November 28 she delivered a brief, simple address, which was in the main a protest against lynching and race riots as a solution of the Negro question. She was not molested in the hall, but as she walked away she was taken into custody. Friends were prepared to offer bonds for her release, but in the half hour while the matter was being arranged she was taken to a cell and searched, and her ring and necklace taken from her. Her answer to the protests of friends proved her a thorough democrat: "Why worry about it? They do it to others—hundreds of others. Why not to me?"

A preliminary hearing in the police court committed her to the superior court for trial. The superior court judge, James G. Quinn, was defeated for the office at the polls and appointed to his present place by Governor Stephens. In the telephone book his name is still down as "Justice of the Peace."

When Miss Whitney's trial began there appeared with her in the court room Tom O'Connor of San Francisco, one of the ablest criminal lawyers on the Pacific Coast. Mr. O'Connor had offered his services gratis because of his interest in the case. There were five counts to the indictment charging Miss Whitney with "criminal syndicalism," but none of them specified any word or deed. No attempt was made to prove motive or intent, time or place when she wilfully, maliciously, and feloniously conspired by acts of violence and sabotage to bring about a change of government, which her counsel repeatedly declared was necessary for a conviction. For four days the power of his virile mind and personality seemed to fill every corner of the dingy room. The case was being handled with brilliancy, and then a tragedy came. He was stricken with influenza, and in less than a week had passed away.

The prosecution had been placed in the hands of two very young deputies of the District Attorney's office. Their first witness was also young, about 20, a reporter from an Oakland newspaper who had gone to the conference of the Communist Labor party on November 28. Miss Whitney had served on a resolutions committee. Upon examination by the State, the young man testified as follows:

Q. With reference to the description you gave of the hall as it was when you went there in the morning, did you notice any change there in the afternoon?

A. In the morning in the hall a large American flag was hung inside of the bookcase that I mentioned, but there was a large piece of red cloth hung entirely across the bookcase so that the American flag was no longer visible.

Upon cross-examination by the defense, the witness testified as follows:

Q. Do you know a man by the name of Fenton Thompson? [Fenton Thompson is Inspector of Police in Oakland and largely responsible for the arrests.]

A. I do. Yes.

Q. Did Fenton Thompson ever tell you that a plant he had at that meeting draped that flag?

A. He did. Yes.

The witness went on to explain that about two weeks after the convention Thompson had asked him if the American flag had been draped at the meeting. Upon an affirmative answer, Thompson had asked if he wanted to know who did it. Then Thompson had stated it had been draped by one of his men. Later in the cross-examination occurred this passage:

Q. You learned about that [Thompson's statement about his agent draping the American flag], you say, two weeks after it had happened.

A. About that time. Yes.

Q. Did you tell Judge Samuels about it when you testified before him? [The testimony of the witness before Judge Samuels had a large part in bringing the indictments.]

A. I did not, sir.

Q. Why didn't you?

A. I was not asked.

Q. And unless I happened to ask you now you would never have told the jury that that was a frameup and you would have permitted this little woman [pointing to Miss Whitney] to go to the penitentiary with that in your mind?

A. I would, yes—no, I wouldn't, no.

"Please turn to the jury and tell them just exactly what you saw Miss Whitney do at that conference," the witness was told, and his only answer was that she had gone out of the room with the others of the resolutions committee, that she had come to the door and announced they would be ready in five minutes, and that she had later come in, read her resolution, and taken her seat. The much talked of resolution was to the effect that the Communist Labor party should use its best efforts to educate the workers; that they might use all their power and strength for the release of all class-war and political prisoners. This resolution was voted down by the conference.

With the collapse of this witness, the case practically came to an end for the prosecution. It was even thought that a dismissal might be asked. Four more witnesses were called, all indicted Communist Labor party members, but their testimony merely showed that Miss Whitney had been present at two meetings. They were not permitted to answer on cross-examination the question of the defense: "Did you ever hear Miss Whitney advocate violence?"

After the death of Mr. O'Connor, his place was filled by Nathan Coghlan of San Francisco. All legitimate testimony had come to an end. There remained but one other chance for conviction. There was a brief clause in the Communist Labor platform commending the work of the Industrial Workers of the World. The endorsement was that of a principle, of industrial unionism, and through this slender opening there poured into the case a flood of vituperation. The thing stacked up like the House that Jack Built. Miss Whitney was a member of the Communist Labor party, this party had endorsed another party, and members of that other party had been convicted of "criminal syndicalism." Many witnesses used at Chicago and Sacramento to convict members of the I. W. W. were put on the stand.

Miss Whitney had no connection with the I. W. W., but for three whole days the jury's ears were filled with tales of incendiarism and sabotage. When Mr. Coghlan, for the defense, demanded that Kelley, a deputy, and United States Marshal Shannon be subpœnaed as witnesses, these proceedings came to an end, and the judge decided to rule out the I. W. W. testimony. These two witnesses asked for were not called.

Miss Whitney herself was the only witness for the defense. She testified that she had never in her life believed in, or advocated, acts of violence.

On the afternoon of February 26 the case went to the jury, and at the end of six hours Miss Whitney was convicted. The trial had lasted more than four weeks. She was found guilty of the first count of the indictment promptly, that of organizing or knowingly becoming a member of an organization to teach, aid, and abet "crimina

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syndicalism." The question of the other four counts consumed the remainder of the time. It was after eleven when the jury filed in and announced the verdict, and that an agreement upon four counts was impossible. A request was made that she might have an extension of her bail, pending an appeal, and be allowed to return to her home; but this was overruled, and she was taken away to the county jail. After four days she was brought into court and sentenced by Judge Quinn to serve an indeterminate sentence of from one to fourteen years in the State penitentiary. A new trial was denied and a motion for an appeal was made. After ten days' confinement in the jail, she was released on bail on the testimony of three physicians that her physical condition was such that incarceration would seriously impair her health. Her bail was increased from $2,000 to $10,000.

Intellectual Starvation in Germany and Austria

By ALFRED H. FRIED

Berne, February 1

THE world is filled with the stories of the physical misery that has settled down upon the conquered countries of Central Europe. The sympathy so aroused has led more fortunate lands from time to time to ship foodstuffs into the worst centers of need, and enabled the hungry, shivering masses to prolong their existence. Certain neutral countries have instinctively realized that at least the future of the starving peoples must be saved, and have sent for tens of thousands of city children, who otherwise must have died or been condemned to long illness, and have given them a few weeks of physical refreshment abroad. Some of the suffering children of Vienna especially have found asylum in Switzerland, Holland, Sweden, or Denmark, and even Austria's former enemy, Italy, has acted as host to many thousands of Austrian children. More distant nations, particularly America, have sent food.

Hunger may be lessened, and the future may be saved by the preservation of the children, but another danger is forgotten. That is the need of the intellectual workers in Germany and Austria—scientists, scholars, and artists. Conditions brought about by the war are crippling and crushing them more and more. We cannot reckon what the future has lost because of the premature death of countless future discoverers, inventors, scientists, and artists on the battlefields of Europe. We cannot reckon what our pitiable generation and coming generations have lost in the blind rule of steel and iron, of poison gas and high explosives. But we can see how the work of the surviving scientists and artists in the conquered countries is every day impeded.

In merely material ways the scientists, writers, and artists are the worst off in these countries. The manual laborer almost always has a higher income than the university professor, not to mention the so-called free professions. One of the Vienna column writers jested only too earnestly when he remarked that this year university professors were wishing street cleaners a happy New Year in the hope of getting a tip by it. If that cannot be taken literally, it is nevertheless true that unskilled laborers live better in Berlin and Vienna today than do the guardians of science and culture who are paid by the state. Only very recently the Berlin correspondent of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* reported that "the university-educated are among those most imperilled. High officials live as unskilled workers used to live: a bowl of soup at noon, a bit of bread and sausage, or potatoes and turnips or carrots, at night. High school principals have been forced to sell part of their meagre household outfit in order to live." I recently received from a Vienna sculptor a letter which closed with these words: "Here I sit, hungry and cold, in my unheated and unlit studio, and only regret that I lack courage to put an end to this miserable existence." Every well-known person in Switzerland is receiving similar letters. Professor Forel recently published in the papers such a letter from Vienna, in which a scholar declared that suicide was increasing at an alarming rate in the liberal professions.

Added to this personal privation, which impedes intellectual activity, is the general distress which hampers the cultivation of science and cuts down material assistance to intellectual workers by the state and society. Heavy state debts will make it impossible for the state to fulfil its cultural mission. The heavy taxes and capital levies will keep individuals in the conquered countries from contributing as formerly to the support of scholarship and art. Burdened by taxes, people will be unable to afford, as they used to, the luxury of books, pictures, statues, theatres, and concerts, and they will be unable to give their children that higher education which the knowledge and ability of thousands formerly made practical.

In discussing the new tax proposals in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, ex-Secretary Dernburg said truly:

> It is clear that the demands of art, literature, and science lie above the tax-free limit. Naturally the very rich will not suffer by that. . . . No, it is the middle-class incomes which suffer, the incomes of people who are themselves professional workers. The result of the tax must be that the demand for newspapers and books will be limited, that the market for works of art will be cut off, that portraits and busts will not be ordered, that promising young artists will no longer be subsidized, that travel and study abroad will disappear.

Formerly any poor man could build up a small library from the cheap German series of books. The little volumes of the famous Reklam Universal Library, which formerly cost twenty pfennigs, now cost M. 2.40; the volumes of the Teubner collection "Aus Natur und Geisteswelt," which used to sell for one mark, now cost six marks; the Insel books now cost two marks instead of fifty pfennigs. In Vienna the newspapers, instead of costing eight to twelve heller, cost from eighty heller to a krone. Foreign newspapers bring fabulous prices. An item recently appeared in a Vienna newspaper under the heading, "Foreign Newspapers Now Cheaper," announcing that the *Matin*, which costs ten centimes in Paris, was for sale at K. 2.40 a copy, the *Temps* at K. 6.40 a copy, and a well-known Paris humorous paper at K. 23.60! Formerly it was the ideal of every middle-class German to save up for the indispensable trip to Italy. Clubs in Vienna and Berlin arranged cheap vacation tours abroad, which enabled workers and students alike to become acquainted with foreign lands and peoples. The international scientific congresses were largely attended. All this counted for intellectual development, for culture, for peaceful progress. This has become impossible for decades, perhaps for a century, because every trip abroad costs thousands of kronen or marks today.

The following statement recently made public by Professor Harnack as director of the Berlin State Library is

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one sign of the wholesale intellectual impoverishment:

1. Foreign books and newspapers no longer can be purchased; the Berlin State Library can buy out of its budget only 170 instead of 2,300 foreign newspapers. More than a million marks would be necessary to buy the new works which appeared abroad during the war, and only a tenth of that sum is available.

2. German scientific papers are at the point of death because the publishers no longer can support the risks.

3. The academies can give no support to the publication of scientific works or journals.

4. Books, especially the great medical and scientific encyclopædias, are flowing abroad.

Similar reports come from Vienna. Professor Castle, the Vienna literary historian, writes in the *Zeitschrift der Bücherfreunde:*

The number of Austrian books published is sinking markedly. The general exhaustion and enervation which have led us to let everything slip with stoic resignation, are becoming evident in the book market too. The lethargy of revolution seems to be upon us. The book industry no longer can cope with the steady rise in the cost of paper and of printing. Our papers are threatened with suspension, for the cost price is already twice the sale price. . . .

Our great libraries soon will be utterly unable to purchase new books, for the income from their endowments scarcely pays for the binding of presentation copies. The university library already is compelled to circulate some of its less-used books unbound. What the old police state and its censorship failed to do, will soon be achieved: Austria soon will be completely shut off from the intellectual life of the outer world by the barrier of its paper money.

What holds for the libraries is worse still for the institutes of scientific research. Deputy Leuthner, reporting on the education budget, in the Budget Committee of the Austrian National Assembly, called attention to the ruinous effects of the war upon scientific institutions, saying:

The chemical institutes had no glass, no rubber, no retorts, no metal, at the end of the war. We were five years behind in foreign scientific literature; our instruments were five years out of date and in bad condition. So was the machinery in the technical high schools, etc. Then came the effects of the rising prices. Glass goods cost twenty times as much, retorts, test tubes, glass tubing, have reached impossible prices. Chemicals —and here not only laboratories but hospitals are concerned— cost fantastic sums. . . . The same is true of technical libraries. The Central Meteorological Institute has for its library an income of 1,800 knonen, and a subscription to a single indispensable English newspaper costs 1,200 kronen. The Physiological Institute has a total income of 10,000 kronen; a new microscope would cost more than the entire annual income. The cost of animal experiments cannot be met; a frog, which formerly cost ten heller, now costs from one to two kronen. Microphotography has been stopped entirely, because the institute could not buy the plates. We stand face to face with the extinction of branches of knowledge without which modern economic life and modern hygiene are inconceivable. Scientific work is impossible with the present endowments. At the end of the war supplies were exhausted, but the number of students quintupled. It will hardly be possible to speak seriously of real study in the near future.

The work of physicists, chemists, physiologists, doctors, poets, sculptors, painters, sociologists, and economists belongs to all, and contributes to the maintenance of mankind as a whole. And this whole suffers, goes without, dies prematurely, if intellectual work is hampered anywhere on the earth, if its artisans are without material means of living and working; are hungry, cold, demoralized, incapable of passing on the torch of the mind to the coming generations.

Old Age

By ALICE CORBIN

OLD age creeps over us
Like snow on the mountains,
But in the thin frosty air of winter
The mind grows keener and more intense.
Youth is a turbulent stormy cloud-burst,
Confused and uncertain about itself,
But old age is a mantle
Through which vision is obtained
For a moment
With lightning clearness—
Houses and trees
And the road we came—
Then everything
Is blotted in darkness.

In the Driftway

THE DRIFTER could hardly be so cruel as to remind his friends who were hot imperialists in 1898-1901 how violently they then raged against the deeds of Emilio Aguinaldo, who has just been awarded, by the Territorial Legislature of the Philippines, an annual pension of $6,000, without a ripple of anger from the American press. Indeed, the *Times* in announcing the pension referred to General Aguinaldo only as the leader of the Philippine revolt against the Spaniards in 1896. Such forgetfulness is presumably a kind of forgiveness. Of course no decent American can now deny that Aguinaldo was as devoted a patriot when he fought to defend his country against our invasion as when he fought against Spanish misrule. Time has softened the animosities that were so savage during the war with Aguinaldo; his daughter is a student at one of our Western universities; we should begin to realize that he properly belongs among our national heroes, in much the same manner if not exactly in the same proportions as does Robert E. Lee. The award of this pension may have been an act of patriotism on the part of the Philippine Assembly; it was also, since the majority of the Philippine Commission is made up of Americans, on the part of the Commission one of those acts of magnanimity which are likewise acts of policy.

* * * * *

IT is a pleasure to see that the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics reports a rise of eight per cent. in the wholesale price of food during last January. Not that the Drifter enjoys a higher cost of living, but he does appreciate official confirmation of a fact he was sure of anyhow. It proves that even the Government is sometimes right. By the simple expedient of noting the increased prices of the sandwiches and the diminishing size of the pieces of cake in the quick-lunch rooms, the Drifter arrived some time ago at about the same conclusion that the Government has now reached; but he doesn't object to hearing truth repeated—as an offset to the repetition of so much that is not. When some official body spends thousands of dollars to bamboozle the public, it makes the Drifter hot under the collar, no matter how handsomely bound the report is, but even the high cost of living is eased by the thought that at least one office of the Government is honest enough to own up to the facts.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Mr. McAdoo's Proposals

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Stated briefly, and with certain hidden assumptions filled in, Mr. McAdoo's argument for a billion-dollar reduction in federal taxes in each of the years 1920 and 1921 runs thus:

(1) The present scale of taxes is a discouragement to business,

(2) Two years later it will be more convenient to pay the taxes necessary to reduce the principal of the Government debt by $250,000,000 per annum and also (presumably) to pay off the present floating debt of nearly $3,000,000,000 represented by treasury certificates,

(3) If the Government borrows $500,000,000 a year to use in paying the interest which for several years will not be received from the Allies, it may reduce taxes by a like amount and still have revenue enough to pay current expenses.

(4) The money so borrowed will eventually be repaid by the Allies and the proceeds used to extinguish the bonds representing such borrowings.

The above is more than Mr. McAdoo said, but not more than he necessarily implied. The following comment is in order:

(1) Probably no first-rate economist in the country will claim for a moment that our income tax is a "discouragement to business" and those economists who have made the closest study of the excess profits tax deny that it has any such effect. Business activity at present is obviously brisk and if it slows down sooner or later, owing to inefficiency of personnel, scarcity of loan funds, or price inflation, there is nothing in Mr. McAdoo's proposal to remedy these fundamental drawbacks. For light on the alleged burdens of taxation he might profitably read the recent annual reports of representative firms like Sears-Roebuck or the Corn Products Company.

(2) Several years hence, for reasons too involved to note here, another prolonged trade depression is likely to be under way. In such a time taxation is hardly likely to be less burdensome than it is in a prosperous time like the present.

(3) There is no reason to suppose that tax-revenues will equal the Government's current expenditures in 1920 or 1921, any more than they did in 1919. Even supposing that we borrow a half billion in each year to pay the interest temporarily defaulted by the Allies, taxes should not be reduced by a like amount, but should be kept at least at present levels in order to reduce the existing floating debt or to prevent its increase.

(4) There is grave doubt whether either the principal or interest of the Allied debts to us will ever be paid. The reasons are not as yet very widely appreciated here, but that does not alter the fact. It would certainly be unwise to borrow money in anticipation of the collection of what is virtually a bad debt.

New York, March 5 FRANK F. ANDERSON

"The Real Japanese"—A Correction

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I correct a statement made by me in an article entitled "The Real Japanese" which you published in *The Nation*, December 27, 1919. In it I spoke of an American architect in Tokyo, saying: "He told me that he was dumbfounded at the business morals of supposedly reputable American and British firms in Japan. He had discovered, he said, that in the purchase of materials used in construction he could not trust them or the goods they supplied. He found it better to deal with Japanese firms."

The gentleman to whom I referred in this paragraph has recently written to me making it clear that I quite misinterpreted or misunderstood his remarks. Or it may be that my memory played a trick on me and put words of another into a conversation with him. I trust you will not object to publishing what he says himself on the matter, as follows: "I do recall mentioning to you the inadvisability of dealing with foreigners (who after they get work sub-let it to Japanese) when it is more economical to deal direct with the Japanese firms. As to the statement that I was dumbfounded at the business morals of foreigners and could not trust them or the goods they supplied, it is wholly untrue. On the contrary, I have found, on the whole, American and British firms in Japan up to a standard as high as any country I have visited in my travels around the world."

New York, March 9 JAMES ARTHUR MULLER

Bartering Repute for Freedom

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Why is it that one reads the following words of Lowell with something of a shock? Is it that they are false, or un-American, or merely untimely? If the latter, it should be remembered that they were written more than fifty years ago:

"I honor the man who is ready to sink
Half his present repute for the freedom to think.
And when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak,
Will risk t' other half for the freedom to speak;
Caring not for what vengeance the mob has in store,
Be that mob the upper ten thousand or lower."

Query: Whom would Lowell honor now?

Cleveland, March 4 ARNOLD WEYMAN.

A Little Tempest Now and Then

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Thomas Jefferson, who had a certain amount of horse-sense, wrote to my great-great-grandfather, as I discovered the other day, from Paris, on December 24, 1786, thus:

"The commotions which have taken place in America, as far as they are yet known to me, offer nothing threatening. They are a proof that the people have liberty enough and I would not wish them less than they have. If the happiness of the mass of the people can be secured at the expense of a little tempest now and then, or even of a little blood, it will be a precious purchase. *Malo libertatem periculosam quam quietam servitutem.* Let common sense and common honesty have fair play and they will soon set things to rights."

New York, March 12 L. S. G.

Upton Sinclair's Newspaper

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Upton Sinclair's proposed publication promises nothing more than *The Nation, Liberator,* and possibly other journals are doing to the utmost of their ability. Why not help them, instead of forming a new organization? America has more organizations and investigations than a dog has fleas, and they do us no more good.

Sinclair's idea is typically American: get good men; create ponderous constitutional machinery to keep them good; and then attend solely to your own affairs. That's the system that has ruined America.

What Americans need is brains and education. Not much; just enough to stop reading newspapers which are continually scooped by weeklies and monthlies on the most vital, important news of the day. About one week of no readers would terminate our present type of American paper—the kind you read to find out what isn't so!

Chicago, March 6 WILLIAM BROSS LLOYD

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Books

A Mixed Bag

Hearts Awake. By Amelia Josephine Burr. George H. Doran Company.

Daily Bread; A Window to the South; The Lean Years. One Act Plays. By Mary Katherine Reely. H. W. Wilson Company.

The Passing God. Songs for Lovers. By Harry Kemp. Brentano's.

Sweden's Laureate. Selected Poems of Verner von Heidenstam. Translated by Charles Wharton Stork. Yale University Press.

Britannia Victrix. By Robert Bridges. Oxford University Press.

The Death of Man and Other Poems. By R. C. Trevelyan. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.

Poems, with Fables in Prose. By Herbert Trench. 2 vols. E. P. Dutton and Company.

Napoleon. A Play. By Herbert Trench. Oxford University Press.

Poems: First Series. By J. C. Squire. Alfred A. Knopf.

THE two women whose works begin this list have travelled narrow roads far apart from each other. Amelia Josephine Burr, at the end of her healthy but unimportant volume of verse, prints The Pixy, a fairy play set on the Cornish coast. The theme is not unfamiliar: the love of an earthly man for an unearthly woman, involving the pain of mingled existences and the tragic necessity of a choice between knowing too little and knowing too much. It is a difficult theme, since it demands that two separate circles of the imagination shall intersect without the circumference of either becoming broken or blurred; it demands a poet with an eye close and keen and a mind always upon the object. The best success has attended those who really believed what they wrote, like the old ballad-makers, and did not bother to make their tale credible by spiritualizing it. The chances always are that the supernatural will be believed as soon as it is seen. The author of The Pixy may have felt her story with fine Christian feeling, but she has not seen it, nor do we. Rarified at the best, it ends by wavering and evaporating in half-understood generalities. Mary Katherine Reely, to cross to the other road, has been content to confine her imagination within a single circle. She has narrowed her field of vision to the comparatively small spot on the face of the earth called the Middle West. Her three very short prose plays are set, one in a city, perhaps Chicago, and the other two on farms, no doubt Illinois and Iowa farms. With penetrating, unerring sympathy she has applied to a life she thoroughly knows the devices variously practised by Mr. Hamlin Garland, Mr. William Wilfrid Gibson, Ibsen, and the movies. Within the modest limits of her prose she has managed to suggest most of the poetry of two self-sustained, self-taught prairie generations. Not all of that poetry, it must be said; she pays her woman's penalty for sensibilities that are overfine, for specialization in pathos. Her smiles shine only through tears; each of her plays has a brave little whimper in it. But all of sound drama that can be wrung out of sewing machines, organs, buggies, and Fords she has wrung.

Mr. Kemp is said to have picked up his poetry as Mr. Masefield did, while improvident and a wanderer. Whether or not it is true that he was taught by accident and himself, it is evident that his acquaintance with the good poetry of the world goes further back in time than Mr. Masefield's goes. Both poets derive by their own confession from Morris, Keats, and Chaucer; but whereas the Englishman stops more or less benighted in the Middle Ages, the American paces clear through to the Greeks. The longest poem in the present volume, Cresseid, springs from the warm soil of Chaucer and Henryson; it draws some part of its beauty also from the sunshine of the ancients. It is among the best of twentieth century narrative poems. It is not too long; seventy-one stanzas suffice to tell a clear and moving story of how Cresseid found Death, her last lover, among the lepers. Mr. Kemp in his Proem recognizes a cardinal principle of narrative writing. His is a tale, he says,

> Which I shall make in English as I may
> In language oaken-rough, but flowered at times.
> I would not pack the summer in one day;
> Let others jingle on in jewelled rhymes
> Laid dazzling-thick—the singer's chief of crimes:
> To make Apollo all his trappings wear
> In twenty suits at once—he's brighter bare!

He proceeds through stanzas somewhat less sweet than Chaucer's and less swift than Mr. Masefield's, but reflective in a round, solid way of their own. Their accent, though ripe with memories, is not a borrowed accent. Mr. Kemp is not exactly even. A few of his stanzas begin more brightly than they end, so that (as is usual with poems of this sort) there is the impression of a manuscript here and there faint, of music irregularly breathed. What he has done in Cresseid has been to wrest new beauty from world-old objects, love and the grave. His shorter pieces are all love poems, bright and abandoned, yet tempered with humor and clean vision. Most of them are epigrams in effect, clasping metaphors that have been sunk in them with a gem-setter's precision.

Mr. Stork is a veteran translator from Swedish poetry. To the standard versions in English of Tegnér and Runeberg he has added during recent years his own versions of Gustof Fröding and various lyric poets; while now he introduces Verner von Heidenstam, the Nobel Prize winner for 1916. Heidenstam, it appears from Mr. Stork's introduction, having dissipated his youth and early middle years in a vain quest over southern Europe for disembodied happiness, returned when mature to his native land and embraced it passionately as a cure for the wander-weaknesses of æsthetic and spiritual despair. The translator makes more of the poet's "nationalism" than it would seem profitable to make just now. Patriotism, one would think, is among the most desperate of all those remedies which man, not nature, offers to a soul diseased. Whatever the truth *in vacuo*, it is clear that Heidenstam functioned better as a poet while he was young and despairing than he did when he was old and cured. The best pieces in the present volume are extracts from the exotic narratives which appeared in 1888 in "Pilgrimages and Wanderyears." Mr. Stork, who sometimes versifies stiffly and angularly, perhaps with a Scandinavian accent, is at his brightest, firmest, and swiftest here. It is possible that the original, studded as it is with luminous and permanent details, would shine through any medium; but Mr. Stork's medium is altogether excellent in such passages as this from the admirable Djufar's Song:

> They shouted. People hurried from the town
> And sat as round a camp-fire in a mass;
> The drummer brought his kettle-drum along,
> Of fish-skin spread across a bowl of brass.
> At length, when the musicians formed a ring,
> Their flutes uplifted, lutes upon the knee,
> And slender rebecs with the strings on pegs
> Of bright wood from the Indian sandal-tree,
> And when in the soft motion of the dance
> The coin that on each maiden's brow was set
> Began to glitter like a spark of fire,
> Djufar approached the fountain parapet.

Mr. Bridges's ode on the signing of the armistice does not partake of the nature of a shout. It is subdued Tennyson, subdued Swinburne, subdued Recessional. It speaks the platitudes of a scared imperialism in four pages of faltering, staccato octosyllabics. The weight of an uncertain and possibly a wicked future seems quite too much for the nerves of England's sensitive laureate.

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Mr. Trevelyan has not drawn joy and fire from the classics, like Mr. Kemp, but a noble lassitude. He is thoroughly versed in abstractions and despairs. He is equally at home in Greece, in India, in China, and in the Hebraic firmament; he knows Bacchus, he knows Buddha, he knows Beelzebub. As a pessimist he is not original, but derivative from Lucretius and Mr. Hardy. In the poem which gives his book its title, although he utters age-old magical phrases about life's obstinacies, and although his verse responds to the involutions of his cosmic dialogue with an extremely accomplished grace, he cannot be said to convince. His is the tedious dance of bloodless categories. When he turns to tinier themes he is more successful, and writes rather better poetry about the mind of a tabby-cat than about the mind of Lucifer.

Mr. Trench, by collecting his poems more or less definitively, with notes and indexes to first lines, reminds the public that he is not a young man. Those who have followed his career need no reminder that he never was a young poet. He was thirty-six when he published his first poem, Deirdre Wedded, anticipating Mr. Yeats and J. M. Synge, as it happened, in their treatment of Ireland's profoundest heroine. A lack of decisiveness was noticeable in him then and has been noticeable since. A prevailing thinness and weariness of tone, an absence of reverberations, of layered vision, of deep-bosomed vowels, an aversion to high, crude lighting in narrative, a preference for shrouds and shades and phantom intelligences, and a tendency to retreat for security to the artistic conscience, stamp him as of the end of a certain century. He is always careful, always thoughtful, always delicate, often intricate, and when necessary abrupt; but the music of neither his mind nor his meter can be called or thought memorable.

Mr. Trench's play is worth all his poems twice over. It is one of the few real fruits of the war. It challenges comparison, of course, with Mr. Hardy's "Dynasts," though strict comparison is impossible. Both pieces have been produced on the stage; but whereas the enclosing of Mr. Hardy within the four walls of a theatre seems preposterous, Mr. Trench belongs there. The methods of the two poets are as opposite as night and day. Mr. Hardy has withdrawn himself to that platform whence the gods watch man, and has indeed become something of a god, with both the advantages and the disadvantages of unhuman attributes. From the very deep shades of his mind he peers between shaggy eyelids down a long way through rolling fog to the body of Europe, prone, ghastly, swept by inexplicable pains of social disorder. Being a god, he sees but does not much care. His vision wraps humanity in garments that do not warm it but mock it. Accepting everything, he means nothing—to men. Mr. Trench's play, physically slighter than Mr. Hardy's, seems at least for the moment to fill more human space. His scene is small—the coasts of England and France; his characters are few—an English family and a group around Napoleon. His Napoleon is brilliant, with purposes as clear and relentless as mathematics; his hero, a young Kentish idealist who beats out his life in vain opposition to the Corsican, is so real that he draws a spectator's heart out of his body. Mr. Hardy, a god who is far too old ever to have been composed of human stuff, connects mere criminal ambition somehow with the Immanent Intent, and implies that the tide of life itself is tyranny. Mr. Trench sees ambition as simply ambition, while the tide of life is something weaker and finer. There is the exhilaration of a new-found heaven in the circumstances of the English boy's defeat, for it becomes clear that the monstrous residue and inertia of Nature can be defied. "You mothers solve dark riddles like the lightning," says Napoleon to Mrs. Wickham at the end. "Tell me—for I am curious—tell me . . . your brave son's dead—I have looked across your country—why do you let me go?" *Anne* (after a pause): "Because we are strong enough to let you go! Because you are an enemy so vital, that we can a little mock at you. If *you* come to pass, why, *aught* can come to pass. If *you* conquer us, we can afford to laugh—for there's a madness at the root of things . . . You cannot change! So cold a purpose will not change. . . . And there's so deep a power set against you, that we can *rest* upon it." Such confidence is more than philosophy: it is poetry.

Mr. Squire stands apart from his English contemporaries by virtue of his knack of keeping cool. He is master of an almost preternatural calm, a diabolically deft attachment. He slips from one strange world to another, staring intently all the while and saying little, but returning at last with probably the right word on his tongue. He seems to borrow nothing, to want nothing. He is at ease but he is not facile, he has humor but he is not gay. His observation, while deadly serious, is acutely agile. He has a passion for direct communication which makes light of the problems of diction and phrasing. He has a refreshing independence, a dogged originality. In a word, he is perpetually interesting, whether he writes in unpretentious, quaintly potent quatrains or in boundless free verse or in chaotic couplets, and whether he is crookedly bizarre or whether he is naïvely plain, longing perhaps to be a boy again. He is not in every case beautiful, or even successful; he can be ugly, and he can be absurd; but always he is interesting.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Tailor Who Made History

The Life of Francis Place. By Graham Wallas. Alfred A. Knopf.

TWO books of our generation have attained a peculiar distinction as pathfinders. One is Dr. Neville Figgis's "From Gerson to Grotius," which blazed a trail for the English reader through the vast wilderness of political controversy in the ages succeeding the Council of Constance and showed the genesis of modern political ideas and institutions. The second is Mr. Graham Wallas's "Life of Francis Place," which virtually started the study of the enormous mass of material still extant concerning the political and economic history of England in the first three decades of the last century. The book was originally published more than twenty years ago, and it has proved to be the precursor of such monuments of research as Mr. and Mrs. Hammond's three great volumes on the English laborer and Mark Hovell's history of Chartism.

The appearance of an American edition of "The Life of Francis Place" at the present moment is very timely. Anyone who will take the trouble to study the history of England in the years immediately following the Battle of Waterloo—say, in the "Cambridge Modern History"—will inevitably be struck with the quite ludicrous parallels between that period and the present phase of American history. The word "radical" came into common political use at that period, and the official view was that the radicals were dangerous, were plotting to overthrow the government, and should be suppressed. There were tales of secret plottings and corresponding secret investigations. And all this was against a background of two ancient political parties that had almost ceased to have any reason for a separate existence. It was, moreover, within this period that the word "socialism" began its stormy history, having been coined in the first instance to describe Robert Owen's version of the communism of Proudhon and Bakunin. The life of Francis Place was lived not only through but at the very heart of this turmoil; and in the various agitations and political manœuvers which led up to the Reform Bill of 1832, Francis Place was a (if not the) leading figure.

The life of Place has its elements of romance. Born the son of a brutal and brawling tavernkeeper, he was apprenticed to a breechesmaker and ultimately became a tailor. In his early days he had his first experiences of organized agitation in an effort to improve the condition of the workers in his own trade. This involved him in great hardship and privation for a time; but with his devoted wife he weathered the storm. From his

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youth he had had a natural aptitude for study and a certain ambition; and by dint of hard work he established at last a considerable business of his own, accumulated a notable library, and became perhaps the best informed mind of his time upon the details of political history, as certainly he became one of the great masters of political strategy. His practical experience of political engineering was acquired in connection with the old London Corresponding Society; and little by little he gained the acquaintance and the friendship of the chief political thinkers of the time. James Mill became his mentor, Bentham his friend, and from these at the beginning of his public life to Cobden at the end, every considerable political figure of the time is met with in the pages of his story.

One speaks of his public life; yet his greatest work appears to have been done in the little room back of the tailor's shop in Charing Cross. Thither members of Parliament with reform sympathies came for conference, counsel, and information. There were stacked Place's books and his enormous collection of pamphlets, arranged in such perfect order that he always knew where to find any one of them. It was there that he directed the agitation that led up to the repeal of the repressive Combination Laws, to the passing of the Reform Bill, and to the final political overthrow of the Duke of Wellington. There he penned long voluminous letters of encouragement and admonition to individuals and groups of working men throughout the country. His industry was prodigious; and it is doubtful whether the whole mass of Place's manuscripts has yet been completely examined. With a mind which was capable of holding and planning the most minute details of a scheme, he had that broad and expansive view of situations as a whole which made him capable of singular soundness of judgment.

Place was essentially the politician in the best sense. There were revolutionaries in his day, but he was not one of them, though at one point when it seemed likely that the Duke of Wellington might be put at the head of the Government, he accepted the project of a violent revolution as a lesser evil and went some distance in preparation for such an event. But violent and hot-headed agitators were his particular bugbears. For such persons as "Orator" Hunt and Feargus O'Connor he had the acutest antipathy. His policy was that of the thin end of the wedge; and in general he was prepared to go patiently and slowly step by step, though he also knew when extreme and uncompromising measures were seasonable. Place indeed is a very good instance of how much can be achieved by the slow process of political action provided one has patience and doggedness, the capacity to peg away when others grow weary, and the faculty for using every breath of wind that is blowing in the right direction. Place had a long life, and he pursued his aims with a tenacity of purpose and a sagacity of judgment in which few men of any time and no man of his time equalled him; and it would be very difficult to exaggerate how much the democratic movement in England owes to him.

Time and tide have swept us beyond the particular problems that confronted Place; but in these days when the validity of the political process has been so loudly challenged, it is well to be reminded how much one man succeeded in accomplishing by it in days when it was a much cruder instrument than it has since become. Indeed, much of Place's work was directed toward making the political process a more effectual and pliable tool of social progress; and those who in our day are inclined to despair of political institutions might well take heart of grace from Place's pertinacious and not unsuccessful labor in his day and bend themselves to the completion of the task. Our modern political institutions are notoriously far from perfect; yet before we discard them, it might be well to inquire a little more closely how they may be mended to meet the exigencies of the present stress. The danger is that the volume of discontent may grow so rapidly as to make any political reform impossible before the great and terrible day of economic reckoning overtakes us.

RICHARD ROBERTS.

Greek Vases

A Handbook of Attic Red-Figured Vases. By Joseph Clark Hoppin. Volume II. The Harvard University Press.

A Handbook of Greek Vase Painting. By Mary A. B. Herford. Manchester University Press.

THE appearance of the second volume of Professor Hoppin's handbook of red-figured Attic vases completes one of the most valuable works undertaken of late in the field of Greek ceramics. As noted in an earlier issue of *The Nation*, this is a corpus of vases "signed by or attributed to the various masters of the sixth and fifth centuries B. C." The first volume brought the author's list of artists down to the "painter of the Girgenti Kalyx Krater"; the present one begins with the "painter of the Harvard Oinochoë" and carries us through the rest of the alphabet, to the "painter of the Yale Oinochoë." Together they form a worthy monument of recent archæological research in Greek vase painting; for we have brought before us one hundred and fifty-seven Athenian vase painters covering a period of about 150 years, all rediscovered and re-created within the last century. Some of these artists we know by their original names, for they took the trouble to inscribe them on their products. For the more careless (or more modest) we have had to invent new ones; hence such modern-sounding titles as "The Providence Painter," "The See-Saw Painter," "The Bald-head Painter," and so on. In this work of research and reconstruction Mr. J. D. Beazley of Oxford has played a prominent part, as shown in his recent book on red-figured vases in American museums; Dr. Hoppin, however, has not confined himself to Mr. Beazley's theories, but has included every serious attribution in his corpus and has thus provided an exceptionally comprehensive and useful work.

Miss Herford's "Handbook" is a work of a different character. It is described in the preface as "a book of small compass dealing with Greek vase-painting as a whole, such as might serve to introduce non-specialist readers to a subject full of fascinating problems and possibilities as yet only half explored"; and the hope is expressed that "it may also be of some use to students of art and archæology as an introduction either to a fuller and more technical treatment of the same subject, or to the study of other branches of Greek art." It is doubtful whether either of these aims has been successfully accomplished. The author has, indeed, covered her ground and has described Greek pottery from its beginnings to its decline, with special emphasis on the more important styles and with descriptions of the shapes and techniques of Athenian vases; and as her style is vivid and her descriptions full of lively touches, the book is both interesting and pleasant reading. But even as an introduction to a fuller treatment, the historical part is too short, too superficial, too positive in the discussion of debatable questions to be really useful to a student. Both the late Professor J. R. Wheeler in his "Handbook of Greek Archæology" and E. Buschor in his "Griechische Vasenmalerei" have succeeded much better in this difficult task of giving all the strictly necessary information in concise form; and the "non-specialist" reader cannot get much good out of surface treatment of technical details. In other words, for the latter, too much is taken for granted; to the former, not enough is supplied. It is true, certainly, that we need popular books on Greek vases for the general public. The shapes, the subjects, the decorative motives, the line drawing, the glaze of Greek vases could be made a continuous delight to any layman; but he needs as his guide to such enjoyment not one who will rush him through the whole history of the art in one sitting—four thousand years in one hour—but a gentler person who will give him one chapter at a time. M. Pottier in his beautiful "Douris et les peintres de vases grecs" has shown us how readable and generally informative a book can be that does not try to cover too much ground.

GISELA M. A. RICHTER

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Growing Wings

Deliverance. By E. L. Grant Watson. Alfred A. Knopf.
The Marbeck Inn. By Harold Brighouse. Little, Brown and Company.
Coggin. By Ernest Oldmeadow. The Century Company.

IN his third novel Mr. Grant Watson has come from the ends of the earth to discover new lands at home. They will be new, at least, to many readers, and that is the secret of the book's virtue. He himself, who quotes as mottoes two very significant passages from Nietzsche, is aware that his lands have been fairly thoroughly explored. But his rediscovery is very genuine; he made it with his whole mind and he records both bravely and beautifully what he has seen. Indeed, he is so full of ardor that he has not been content to let his story speak for itself, but announces in a preface his recognition of the fatal mistake made by so many people, that "through any haphazard form of renunciation the spirit could find a short cut to its own freedom." "Only," he continues, "through the acceptance of life can be attained a confidence strong enough for that happiness and that deliverance."

His story is not quite as persuasive as his philosophy. His women are suspiciously fine in fibre and amazingly articulate. Attractive as they are, they remain a little dim. And the dimmest of all is Susan, whom Mr. Watson adores and through whose words and actions he chiefly projects his sense of the new moral world that is being created by all sorts of people in many places today. It is Susan who early wins her way to the simple truth—so simple and so unwelcome—that "from different people we receive different things," that "people in love disfigure and wound one another," and that the possessive instinct of love must be curbed to make love itself decent and tolerable. Susan achieves her deliverance from the constricting forces of life, and her words are admirable. But the inner process remains obscure. Her husband, Tom Northover, stands out brilliantly to the imagination, though he does not quite convince the mind. And this is the more surprising as a good deal of autobiography must have passed into this young naturalist with his cold fierceness and virile tenderness who returns from far countries with the final and no longer corruptible knowledge that "morality is only a developed kind of sincerity, something that follows upon experience and is developed by experience." We are far more convinced, on the purely human side, by the incorrigible Paul Zalesky and by poor Dorothy Tyler, who, though she hovers in the background, was far easier to draw just because she has not gone beyond the muddle of the average mind that thinks it is sustained and is only distracted by its "stupid beliefs of how things ought to be." And so one comes upon the reason for the comparative shadowiness of the central figures. They belong to a new species of mankind which neither observation nor the methods of art have yet wholly reached. For though many sensible people hold the same opinions, few have the courage to translate these opinions into action. But Tom and Susan do that, and Susan, at least, wins her deliverance. Here is a case, then, where criticism, though frank about its impressions, should be modest. Mr. Grant Watson knows more than he has communicated. Perhaps he has even communicated more than one sees today. Art, like morality, follows experience. But though he writes well, it is certain that his style is a shade too facile. A denser medium, even though it lost in clarity, would have gained in the power to express these new moods and perceptions and would have added a higher energy to the intellectual distinction which Mr. Watson already has.

Mr. Harold Brighouse's "The Marbeck Inn" is far more solid fare, in the ordinary sense, than Mr. Grant Watson offers. It is not until we have read three-fourths of the book that we begin to suspect Sam Bramstone of also achieving a spiritual deliverance. And that deliverance of his is frankly incredible. For there was no gleam of hope in Sam's unregenerate state. It was as thick and as ordinary as mutton. He made his way in the world—his world being Manchester—by callousness and astuteness and opportunism, and became the wealthy publisher of devotional works and of "Happy Novels for Healthy Homes" by having the sort of mind in which righteousness and self-interest are never in danger of parting company. But precisely this mind is, by its very nature, impenetrable, and poor Effie's great experiment with Sam would probably not have ended with the saving of his soul but with the damning of her own. Nevertheless the book is remarkable in two ways. The unregenerate Sam and his world have a magnificent solidity and lifelikeness. His formidable and admirable mother, his moral slattern of a wife, the Rev. Peter Struggles, George Chapple, and even Mr. Alderman Verity—these people are authentic, vivid, and memorable. And Mr. Brighouse does not talk about them. He lets them live. And then into this inimitably British world of beer and beef and commercial grime there steals a summons from that modern region of the free spirit which seems to have so little obvious kinship with Mr. Brighouse's robust art and his solid, unimaginative people. The salvation which it is supposed to bring does not, as we have said, come off except on paper. But it is significant enough that in Manchester Effie is represented as coming to Sam Bramstone—himself an alderman and aspiring to the House of Commons—and giving herself to him. She causes him to break with his false and sordid world—both the moral and the material—and to seek a new life in freedom from prejudices and possessions. The currents do not yet mingle, but they have met.

Quiet and amiable and withdrawn into the past is Mr. Oldmeadow's story of little Henry Coggin and the rector of the village of Bulford. Yet the story is not so unlike the two others, since it also tells of the deliverance of souls, though in terms that seem very far and fragile to us now. The period is that of Chartism and the place an ancient village far from the beaten road in which, by the flooding of a certain parish, a scholarship in the local grammar school has passed practically into the hands of a single family. But a sturdy Chartist discovers that Coggin, the clever little son of the rag-and-bone man, is also eligible. The boy passes the test. To all in authority the presumption and danger of such radicalism as the ragpicker's son going to school with gentle folks is obvious. But the rector of the village happens to have a conscience slightly more sensitive than others of his class and time, and Coggin gets his chance. From this simple incident there arises a spiritual revolution in the mind of the rector that leads him into regions once strange and fearful to his eyes. The story has charm and a warm subdued color and a savor of the earth and of old houses in forgotten sunshine. And it illustrates pleasantly old fears that are with us in new forms and that are in every age and form only shadows of the superstition that refuses to see the world as one of change and action rather than as one of stability and sloth.

As We Were

American Citizenship and Economic Welfare. By Jacob H. Hollander. The Weil Lectures, 1919, delivered at the University of North Carolina. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press.

DO we wish simply to restore the economic machine to its pre-war running order? If that is all, Professor Hollander's little book has valuable suggestions. Our labor force, he shows, has been but slightly reduced by the war, and our natural resources are left unimpaired; we have a seemingly adequate capital supply and a body of captains of industry quickened by the sharp demands made upon them by the war. "Business stability" will come, apparently, if we, first, adopt a consistent governmental policy; second, courageously deflate credit; third, retrench public and private expenditures; and fourth, provide for arbitral adjustment of labor disputes. All this, as far as it goes,

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is sound advice. Wobbly politics make for wobbly business. Again, there can be no doubt that inflated credit makes for soaring prices. The war has witnessed the creation of fiat credit far in excess of that required by the increase of production. It is obvious that such inflation, now that the war is over, should not continue. By borrowing out of savings, by stiffened discount rates, by adequate taxation, the credit situation may be brought back to a condition approximating normal. Again, it is necessary that government cease from its riotous habits of war-time expenditure. National (and private) budgets must again be scrutinized with a jealous thriftiness. And finally, there must be industrial peace.

And here, of course, is the rub! Professor Hollander is a cautious economist. He believes truly enough that while economics must have its prophets, "to scourge what is, to emblazon what ought to be," it must have, too, its slow, wary students, "who shall search the problem with careful eye as to what has gone before, who shall know and profit by what is happening elsewhere, and who shall give guarded counsel as to remedy and treatment." Guarded counsel indeed it is. He sees that the factors ultimately responsible for industrial warfare are the lack of bargaining equality between employer and employed, the failure of prompt resort to arbitral determination in labor disputes, and the absence of an accepted wage principle. He holds frankly for concerted bargaining power on the part of labor; but he finds that the greatest hindrance to the arbitral use of such power is the absence of any principle as to what constitutes a just wage. Arbitral decisions are in most cases without scientific standing, since no standard of reference exists.

His own attempt to establish such a standard of reference can hardly be regarded as satisfactory. It is based, ultimately, upon the maintenance, for any industrial group, of "an accustomed standard of life." But this, obviously, begs the greater part of the question. The labor attitude is fundamentally a dissatisfaction with accustomed standards. It is a demand for revaluations, redistributions. It is a challenge to the old social groupings, the old class alignments. And so one fears in view of this that the best laid plans of cautious economists will go agley. We are witnessing a movement of life that will not halt at arbitral decisions along the old lines. All that is simply a patching up of the old economic machine. A great and increasingly powerful portion of mankind is interested rather in refashioning the old machine. Professor Hollander has his sympathies in that direction; but he resolutely refuses to permit his sympathies to drag him from his place of "scientific" security. This doubtless will give his moderately progressive conclusions all the more weight with those who, in fear and in wrath, now stone the prophets.

H. A. Overstreet

Books in Brief

IT is hard on the atlas-makers that sixteen months after the armistice the frontiers of Turkey are still undrawn, but there is no reason for them to disguise their difficulties. The title-page of "Reynold's After-War Atlas and Gazetteer of the World" (Reynolds Publishing Company) announces "world maps remade by world's treaty of peace, Paris, 1919, showing new boundaries of all foreign states"; but the new boundaries of all foreign states have not yet been fixed, and where they have been fixed they do not always stay put. The "After-War Atlas" is simply a pre-war atlas with ten new maps inserted at the back, a new frontispiece, and a new title-page. The new map of Asia shows as the only effect of the war a new yellow patch marked Syria. That of Denmark and Schleswig-Holstein on page 323 differs from the old map on page 87 only in that the disputed provinces have turned from yellow to brown; there are no indications of the plebiscite zones. Hungary, on page 324c, has frontiers which would delight Count Apponyi's soul, and Greece, on page 324d, suddenly acquires a pink patch about Smyrna which would warm M. Venizelos's heart. The new maps were drawn last summer and were probably about as good as could be done at the time, but they are incorrect and do not justify the misleading title "After-War Atlas." The atlas-makers would do better to wait, and let the daily newspapers draw and re-draw the shifting boundaries for a time. The atlas-maker who advertises a loose-leaf atlas, with new sheets to replace the old as they become out of date, takes the part of wisdom.

WHY rush about seeking adventure and change, when you can sit quietly on a porch and have things come to you? Delightful things, too, from graceful poetic fancies and old Negro melodies to friendly toads and confiding ghosts. The porch philosophy whimsically expounded by Miss Dorothy Scarborough in "From a Southern Porch" (Putnams) inspires the reader with a longing to loaf and observe life and savor the passing moments, and get all rested up before dying, so as to be "fresh for whatever adventure offers itself on the other side." "Porching" develops a porch soul, a broad, unrestricted, tolerant outlook. Do the Germans have porches? Miss Scarborough says not; that must have been the cause of the war. If only the Kaiser's disposition to smite had found a harmless outlet in fly-swatting on his front porch! The Porcher, otherwise gentle and fond of bugs, has none of Uncle Toby's scruples about harming the hair of a fly's head. With a ruthless persistence at variance with the spirit of porch leisure, she deals out death in manifold forms—by fly-traps and fly-paper and boiling water, by swatting and poisoning. And on damp days, her saucers of formaldehyde and intoxicating molasses about her, she revels in the spectacle of a *dance macabre* of flies. For unconventional delights, the rear porches are best. There the Porcher eats watermelon in the only way it should be eaten—leaning over the railing and burying a face in the red heart; and draws choice bits of folk-lore from Aunt Mandy, who, however, repudiates the learned name: "Laws, chile, dat ain' folk-lore! Dat's jes' sayin's dat I learned fum my gran-mammy, dat's been handed down amongst de colored folks fo' de Lawd knows how long, jes' fum word of mouth." And as for callers, the front porch welcomes no society folks as entertaining as Amsi, who drops in to say "howdy" and to be congratulated on his recent marriage with (presumably) a widow. But Lily's former husband "ain' ecsackly dead. . . . Naw'm, she ain' divo'ced, neither. We ain' believe in no divo'ces. Her husban' he ain' ecsackly dead, 'case he ain' never been bawn. She ain' had no husban' befo' me. . . . Yas'm, dey's Lily's chillun. Dem chillun, mistis, is sorter happen chances, you know."

"THE Life and Letters of Lady Dorothy Nevill" (Dutton), by her son, Ralph Nevill, is concerned far more with the lives and letters of her friends than with her own. She had many interesting friends and got fascinating letters from them. Her numerous and zealous hobbies—green-houses, silk-worm culture, making furniture from wood colored green by fungus, pigeon whistles (an importation from China), aquariums, and donkey-breeding—naturally attracted friends the most diverse. And her superb competence as a hostess made it easier to hold them. A thorough aristocrat, with the most solidly Tory traditions, she yet cared a great deal more for the present than for the past; perfectly secure in her own station in the society of her time, she was at liberty to explore as many corners of it as she liked without the fear—not yet invented—of seeming less than one hundred per cent. loyal to her caste and country. She got on famously with the great Liberals, and even with certain Radicals, though she latterly believed that the Radical government would ruin Britain. The great age to which she lived made her seem, for the last generation of her life, a link with the outlived manners and habits of the Early Victorians, and not a little of the spice of her character depended upon the fact that her remarkable freshness preserved in itself so much history. Busy as she was, however, she was a good deal of a dilettante in life.

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THE growing interest of Americans in foreign trade is seen in the multiplication of books on that subject. Mr. Charles M. Pepper, a former trade adviser in the Department of State, in "American Foreign Trade" (Century) presents in an interesting way the leading principles and facts of foreign trade in general, and American foreign trade in particular. "American foreign trade," says Mr. Pepper, "is the United States buying goods from other countries as well as selling products to other countries." In a word, trade is barter made easy by money and instruments of credit; and the visible and invisible elements of foreign trade must be kept in mind. The importance of the farm in foreign trade is stressed, but on this point there seems to be an undue emphasis, as there is also on raw materials. Leaving the war aside and the consequent unprecedented demand for American wheat and cotton, the fact remains that other countries can now compete with America. The trend in American foreign trade before the war was towards a relative decline in agricultural products and raw materials and a large increase in manufactures. Natural resources, of course, give any country an advantage in manufacturing, but agricultral products and raw materials have now become a subordinate part of American foreign trade. Informing chapters are devoted to what may be called the diplomacy of commerce and the influence of nationalistic ideals on trade. The trade policies of various countries are described at length, and there is a good résumé of their resources.

THOSE who still think of the Eastern Empire as the impotent and decaying institution portrayed by Gibbon would do well to read the little volume of Charles Diehl entitled "Byzance: Grandeur et décadence" (Paris: Flammarion). In this admirable summary of three hundred pages the leading French Byzantinist gives a vivid picture of Byzantine civilization as it has been revealed by modern scholarship, balancing the elements of strength and weakness, and marking its place in the world's history and its influence on later Europe. Of course, he does not deny the decadence of an empire dead a century before its fall, but he rightly emphasizes its vitality and importance before the Crusades, when it "embodied perhaps the only real civilization which Europe knew." At a time when the problem of Constantinople again forces itself upon our attention, it is well to see its larger setting, and to realize the historical tradition of the city "which of all others is sovereign" in the Near East. Those who look on the Greeks of today as the heirs of all this greatness will find comfort in the statement that modern Greece "owes much more to Christian Byzantium than to the Athens of Pericles and Phidias." This appears in the preface to M. Diehl's "Histoire de l'Empire byzantin," a narrative sketch which may serve as a companion volume (Paris: Picard). Here the larger aspects of Byzantine history are emphasized in a different form, with illustrations.

THE Lincoln cult continues to grow, especially by the old process which tends to enlarge the sacred ground around a myth-arousing figure. Ann Rutledge, sweetheart of Lincoln, becomes more and more important—as indeed she may after the exquisite lyric concerning her in the "Spoon River Anthology." Now it is Lincoln's mother who is brought into the charmed area—or attempted to be brought—by Maria Thompson Daviess in her story "The Matrix" (Century). Miss Daviess goes to the other extreme from the malicious and unwarranted scandal which has been associated with the character of Nancy Hanks. The gravity of the present design appears from this remark: "Twice at least we know that the Lord has chosen the sons of carpenters to die to make men free; the sons of Joseph of Nazareth and Thomas Lincoln." The level of the present accomplishment is only too well represented by one of the tender passages in which this very tender book abounds: "Her heart beat on his with the great, slow, strong pulses of perfect mating, and her red lips drank in his love like a chalice takes a sacred wine of life."

Notes and News

The literary exchange between Europe and America has recently been disturbed by the current of European authors flowing across the Atlantic, especially to the United States, and the concomitant—and anticipated—flow of gold back to Europe, in the pockets of the authors. As the welcome has been unlimited, so has been the supply; and so will it be until some scheme has been devised for establishing in Europe a larger literary credit for the United States. To this the Europeans are still cool, being less willing than Americans to pay for foreign wares of this nature. O. Henry, who has recently invaded England, France, and Germany in force, cannot be used for barter. Under the circumstances it seems to devolve upon Vachel Lindsay, now decidedly in vogue among the British, to visit them in person, for their good, and ours. He will probably do so soon.

The complaint still goes on in Europe that works of art and rare books are being drawn away from their natural homes to barbarous America. This is an old complaint. Whether there is to be much sympathy from America, however, depends upon what happens as Europe repairs her present desperate fortunes. In the old days, works of art came to the United States for just one reason: Americans preferred the works of art and Europeans preferred the money.

The austere rhythms of the Icelandic sagas, which no novelist can read without envy, are supposed to belong to a lost art. We look for them in the wrong places—in the pseudo-mediævalists who would like to be saga men if they could. But those rhythms did not spring from sentimental spirits dreaming about the decorative past. They were the work of downright historians with their eyes on the facts. At least one modern writer—E. W. Howe, in "The Story of a Country Town"—knows something of the "lost" art, perhaps because he is something of the same sort of artist. Compare certain sentences from the "Laxdaela Saga" with certain of Mr. Howe's. From the Saga: "My mind forebodes me that this sickness will put an end to our living together. I wish my body to be carried to Holyfell, for that will be the greatest place about these country sides, for I have often seen a light burning there." "I have never been of ailing health in life, and it is therefore most likely that this illness will put an end to our life together." "Do not upbraid me with such things, for I am very grateful to you for your deed; for now I think I know that you will not do anything against my mind." The mild Wardour Street touches in this translation put the Saga actually at a disadvantage with the novel: "I have an idea that we shall be old men together, and die greatly regretted by one another." "When we spoke in the evening of the happy years we should spend together, my mother became thoughtful at once, and would say no more that night." "The two travellers we seem to be always expecting here may meet on the road as they near the town, and come on together. Perhaps it is not likely, but it is possible." If only our West, in its dangers and hardships so much like the difficult land which the saga-makers inhabited, could have bred this stern honesty instead of the tawdry decadence that followed Scott and Cooper and produced the dime novel—and now the movies!

Thomas Hardy's "Dynasts" has again been produced, this time by the students at Oxford; and a reissue of this massive drama is promised in America by The Macmillan Company. What other modern treatment of war has been so little dimmed by the immensity of the conflict through which the world has just passed?

Robert Frost has resigned his professorship at Amherst College to give his time more fully to poetry.

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Drama

"Jane Clegg"

POLITICS crumble and opinions and moralities fade. Life, whose meaning must somehow be sought within itself, goes on. The tongue of the propagandist turns to dust, but the voice of nature remains. Merely to capture and project some bit of reality is, therefore, to practice not only the best art but the most philosophical. Such art seems quiet enough amid the noisy contentions of the day. But its quietude is that of a tree amid rockets. The rockets glitter and go out; the earth-rooted tree will shelter generations.

St. John Ervine's "Jane Clegg" is not a great play, even though we measure in terms of depth and intensity rather than of range. But it belongs to a great kind. Isolated plays of this kind have had a way of being written for the modern English theatre and of having no successors by the same hand. There was Elizabeth Baker's "Chains" and Githa Sowerby's "Rutherford and Son." Perhaps Mr. Ervine's success in the theatre will fortify his talent, will render it more fruitful and also more faithful to itself. And that is necessary. For it is likely to be forgotten that he wrote "Jane Clegg" in 1913 and "John Ferguson" two years later and hence tended to lapse from the perfect sobriety, the weighty reality, the strictly inherent irony of the earlier play. In "John Ferguson" the people are real enough, though James Caesar verges on the monstrous and "Clutie" John on the unsoundly fantastic. But these people are involved in a coil of circumstance—the mortgaged farm, the delayed remittance, the false suspicion of murder—which smacks strongly of the melodramatic theatre.

In "Jane Clegg" the people are found in no predicament except the inevitable one of their own natures, and the dramatic process is identical with the exhaustive exposition of their inmost selves. With the highest skill and courage Mr. Ervine carries out the purity of his intention to the very close of the play. Henry Clegg leaves his home. The climax of the story, however, is not in that action but in that last talk between himself and his wife which gives our vision of him its final clarity and expresses his blundering justification of his own miserable self. Thus the logic of reality is completed and his physical departure is not an action by which a play is closed but the symbol of a life's necessities.

That life in which the play, despite its title, really centers is completely unrolled before us, although the dialogue contains little or no technical exposition in the older sense. But we are made aware of the shabbily gay, irresponsible father; we see the garrulous, foolishly indulgent mother. We know how Henry Clegg, ignorant, awkward, rigidly respectable in his sentiments, goaded forever by his hungry senses, has sneaked and bragged his way through the years and how he would have done so quite peacefully to the end but for his wife's rectitude of mind and decision of character. That is his catastrophe. Not the meanest creature can exist in a state of being continually shown up. It cannot live under so fierce a light. Some rag of self-esteem, however falsely come by, must cover the nakedness of every soul.

But Mr. Ervine has not missed the fact—and at this point he touches greatness—that his cockney clerk with a mind as stale and shabby as his very clothes and speech is the absurd and tragicomic battleground of great forces. Henry Clegg does not know it, but his civilization has made of him a man monstrously divided against himself. Through generations it has bred into his very bone an assent to certain moral principles and sentiments. But it has left his nature and his instincts unexplained and untouched. Hence the whole man is but one gesture of furtiveness. Everything about him is false. His soul is shoddy. Truth is to him the highest indecency. Thus when he is about to leave his wife and go off to Canada with

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his "fancy" woman, he is deeply pained and shocked at his wife's callous willingness to let her own husband to whom God has joined her go without wails or recriminations or the sense of the presence of sin. He has a brief moment that verges on a grotesque self-righteousness. He is a wretched sinner but at least he has the grace to know it. That is his religion. Jane may be pure and honorable. But she has no sense of sin. It almost frightens him. In Jane, on the other hand, there is illustrated the slow and painful struggle by which a few people here and there learn to sweep aside the moral convention and lay hold upon the moral fact. Since Henry's actions and her emotional reactions have destroyed whatever peace or beauty their marriage ever held, how empty to go on babbling about its sanctity! It is a burden and a shame. Both she and the children will be better off without him. She feels a natural pang at the breach with her youth and her heart's past. But the pang is not uncontrollable. She turns out the gas and goes upstairs.

Thus it will be seen that the intellectual content of the play is weighty enough. But it is never emphasized nor abstracted from the stuff of life itself. It appears through those traits and attitudes of the characters which arise from the impact between the individual and the processes of that civilization within which he has been molded. But to grasp the simple reality, as Mr. Ervine has here done, is enough. If the grasp be but firm and close the universal values will appear more strongly than if the dramatist had reflected on them first and watched life afterwards.

Mr. Reicher's production of the play for the Theatre Guild is undoubtedly the most perfect thing on our stage today. It has an exquisite discretion; it does not impair the fullest sense of reality at any point; it has found the beautifully right atmosphere and gesture for every moment in the play's shifting moods. It allows no sense of artificial transition from mood to mood to awaken in us, and it preserves inviolable its seamless illusion of both the continuity and the change of life. Thus the spectator need never become aware of it as of something consciously done, but can yield himself to the power of the embodied play as to an undivided artistic and spiritual experience. And that is rare. We have other good productions. But they are very consciously and proudly good, and often their excellence throws only into starker relief the hollowness of the play on which they are expended. Or else a single unsubdued and "stagy" actor shatters the illusion. The five players who are associated with Mr. Reicher in "Jane Clegg" have blended their personalities wholly with the inner life of the play. Its world has become theirs. We do not remember them except in these shapes which they have assumed. The identity of art and life is for once complete, and thus the two hours during which we watch them are a pure example of that enlargement of our contracted selves through a vicarious experience which is the very core of art itself.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Music

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EARLY in the season, Mr. Harold Bauer, "in conjunction with a number of his most distinguished colleagues," formed what is known as the Beethoven Association. The object of the society was "to give a series of chamber music concerts devoted exclusively to vocal and instrumental compositions by Beethoven, including many that are seldom heard in public." The artists were to give their services gratis, "the net proceeds to be donated for a purpose of musical interest to be determined at the close of the season by vote of the members of the society." All of this was formally announced by Mr. Bauer in a circular sent out in advance to the public, a circular in which he also says, "Our love and reverence for the works

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of the great master provided the link which has united us."

In spite of this very clear statement, we cannot quite see that either Beethoven or the public is in need of this altruism. The name of the great master is not unknown here. In the course of its early travels it reached this city nearly a century ago, and there has been no evidence, as yet, of its impending departure. This season alone, not counting the activities of the Beethoven Association, it has appeared on the programs of practically every symphonic and chamber music organization heard in the city, as well as on those of solo instrumentalists. Moreover, soloists and orchestras have combined to give us the great violin concerto, the five piano concertos, and even the almost never-heard Choral Fantasie.

As for those few compositions which the Association has given because they are "seldom heard in public," some could well have remained in the obscurity and silence from which they were evoked. The Trio for piano, flute, and bassoon, for instance, certainly added no lustre to the master's name; while he himself would probably have squirmed a little at having to hear even such artists as Mme. Samaroff and Mr. Bauer play his sonata in D-major, Op. 6, and an unpublished Gavotte for four hands—for Beethoven, from all accounts, loathed four-handed music, and apparently only wrote it under pressure from his publishers. Nor did there seem much reason for Ossip Gabrilowitch to waste his artistry on the Two Easy Sonatas, in G-minor and G-major, Op. 49, as they are neither very beautiful nor very interesting, but decidedly hackneyed, having served for many generations as a sort of classical rattle for young piano students. As for the songs, and the violin and piano sonatas on the Society's list, the last two, as well as most of the first have also been performed from time to time.

After all, why this intensive propaganda for Beethoven? Are the works of a master long dead the only "link" that can bind living artists together? Surely the composers of our own time have some claim upon their services. Certain reactionaries would have us wait another twenty-five years to become familiar with the music of to-day. These are the same who declare that music died with Richard Wagner. But it was not music that passed on; merely the point of view of a certain German musician.

When Claude Debussy, fifteen years ago, struck for "musical self-determination," he laid the foundation for "musical internationalism" as opposed to the former world empire of the Germans. Since that time, we have paid a little more attention to what France, Russia, Spain, Italy, England, and America have been trying to tell us, although indeed what they say is still slightly tinged with novelty. This is because for so long a time our attitude was much as though we had refused to know D'Annunzio's plays because they were not equal to Shakespeare's, or Verlaine's poems because they were not like Tennyson's. Fortunately for the progress of art, however, there are always a few who can read the signs of the times. And so we find that a system of coöperation has already begun among the musical centers of France, Italy, Spain, and England, to foster the mutual introduction of new works. Our very isolation makes an American extension imperative to our musical growth.

In this, Mr. Bauer and his colleagues could have helped materially had they formed an International Society of Musicians for the promotion of modern art, especially as they number among themselves artists not only of the highest rank, but of almost every nationality. Thus we should have been doubly assured of a true and vital presentation of each country's work. As it is, they have only succeeded in making us interested in the Beethoven Association—not in Beethoven.

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International Relations Section

Contents

THE CHINA CONSORTIUM AND THE OPEN DOOR. By Silas Bent... 379
DOCUMENTS:
The German Democratic Party..... 382
Republicanism in Serbia..... 383
EVENTS OF THE WEEK..... 383

The China Consortium and the Open Door

By SILAS BENT

AN opportunity has arisen for the peaceful enforcement in the Orient of that phase of American idealism known as the Open Door policy. This policy and the Monroe Doctrine may be called the only fixed points in our foreign relations, and both have the savor of altruism, but they differ in the motives from which they sprang. The guarantee of protection to weaker sister republics in South America was prompted in part by the primal instinct of self-preservation, and we have been willing, if need be, to enforce it by resort to arms. But selfish advantage was one motive behind the demand for equal commercial opportunity, and for this, rightly enough, we have never been willing to fight. The Open Door has thus become a diplomatic white lie, and it would have remained so had not a remarkable combination of circumstances made possible its realization through the might, not of arms, but of dollars.

An examination of American altruism toward China reveals that it has never been quite free from self-seeking. Even the remission in part of the Boxer indemnity, which we are prone to cite as indefeasible evidence of our generous friendship, carried the provision that the interest on the money so returned should be devoted to the education of Chinese in the United States; that it should be spent here, in other words, to train Chinese missionaries for American methods and American-made goods. The general advantage to our traders in the Far East of creating at one stroke and at a cost of only $13,000,000 an atmosphere of friendliness and of obligation must be apparent. To dedicate such a fund to educational purposes was undeniably praiseworthy, but a Yankee Congress was not unaware of its material as well as its moral advantages. Yet the Open Door policy, although it antedated the Boxer remission, is the policy in which we have lately taken most pride. Clearly it was good statesmanship, but it was good business also. "We are keenly alive," Mr. Hay wrote to Paul Dana of the New York *Sun*, "to the importance of safeguarding our great commercial interests in that Empire [China] and our representatives there have orders to watch everything closely that may seem calculated to injure us, and to prevent it by timely and energetic representations. . . ." Secretary Hay's Open Door note of 1909 sought to provide for equality of commercial opportunity in China and his note of 1910 for that nation's administrative and territorial sovereignty. Both were farseeing efforts to protect a weak state, and some credit must be given to them for preventing its complete dismemberment when the European vultures gathered over it after the Boxer uprising. Not one of those Governments wished to sign the notes; each saw a greater profit in exploiting its concessions and reaching for others; but none could remain aloof with good grace, and perhaps all of them perceived a means of checkmating China's trick of playing off one against the other.

No pretense ever was made in any quarter of applying the Open Door policy to the territorial question. Germany signed the notes, but continued to hold Shantung; Russia signed, but retained Port Arthur; Great Britain and France signed, but Great Britain did not withdraw from Hongkong or Kowloon or Wei-hai-wei, nor France from Annam or Kwangchau. Each pledged itself to scrupulous observance of China's territorial integrity, but each held tenaciously what it had, and scrambled for more when opportunity offered. In accordance with correct usage, they have been incorporating the provisions of the convention ever since in treaties affecting the Far East. That they have ignored its financial and commercial, as well as its territorial provisions, may be due in some measure to the fact that they stood to lose most and the United States to gain most by its enforcement. The United States had never staked off a claim of any consequence in China. If our salesmen and merchants could trade unhampered within the spheres reserved by the international squatters, obviously it would redound to our profit, even while a general application of the rule tended to emancipate China from a perilous balance of power.

Before the Russo-Japanese war, England and Germany watched with suspicion both France and Russia, and Japan was at odds with Russia in Korea. The Russo-Japanese war shifted the balance, as wars do; thereafter England was allied with Japan, a new imperialist factor, and France was allied with Russia. A treaty was arranged presently between England and France, and then another between France and Japan, and it was not long before Russia and Japan, alarmed at an American attempt actually to open the door in Manchuria, made common ground of their former battlefields.

The attempt to make the Open Door effective in Manchuria came to be known as the Knox "neutralization" plan, and it will serve well enough to illustrate the illusory quality of that policy, as well as the manner in which our idealism has run hand in hand with our profit. After the Russo-Japanese war, and before Mr. Knox became Secretary of State, E. H. Harriman, dreaming of railroad empire, visited the Far East. He had a great scheme for a transportation system to belt the globe, and to carry it out he required right-of-way to an ice-free port on an eastern sea. In the fall of 1905, with the help of Lloyd Griscom, then American Minister to Japan, he made an agreement with two high officials in Tokio that American and Japanese capital should finance and operate jointly the Chinese Eastern (or South Manchuria) Railway to Port Arthur and Dalny (Dairen). Japan had acquired this concession from Russia under the Portsmouth Treaty, which contained an emphatic statement of the Open Door principle. But Count Komura, one of the most adroit of the Japanese diplomatists, thought it advisable to keep Manchuria free from American interference, and after some months of manœuvring at Peking he signed an agreement whereby the Chinese declared that if Japan needed outside aid in the Manchurian development, China would provide it. Thus, for the time being, he blocked Mr. Harriman's campaign.

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The Department of State at Washington was aware of these proceedings, and the idea behind Mr. Harriman's enterprise continued to interest it. Through the late Willard Straight, then United States Consul General at Mukden, Tang Shao-yi, representing the Chinese Government, projected in 1907 a Manchurian Bank, financed with American capital, to undertake the construction with British coöperation of a railway line from Chinchow to Aigun. The panic of 1907 delayed the plan, and the delay was to prove fatal; but, unaware of what was in store, activities were resumed in the following year, and Mr. Straight came to Washington that summer with a memorandum bearing on the plan. In November, 1908, Mr. Harriman's bankers, Kuhn, Loeb and Company, signified to the Department of State their willingness to finance the Manchurian Bank. Meanwhile, Tang Shao-yi was on his way to Washington, ostensibly to thank the Roosevelt Administration for the return of part of the Boxer indemnity, but in reality to negotiate the Manchurian loan. Japan had observed these proceedings with extreme disquiet, but on the day of Mr. Tang's arrival at Washington, notes were exchanged between the Department of State and the Japanese Ambassador, recording the firm determination of both Governments "to support, by all pacific means at their disposal, the independence and integrity of China and the principle of equal opportunity." In addition to his Manchurian project, Mr. Tang had an ambitious scheme for an international syndicate to finance China, with the United States as a participant. His negotiations were under way when, on November 14, the Emperor of China died, and on the following day the Empress died. Yuan Shi Kai, who had sent Mr. Tang to the United States, was dismissed from his high office, and Mr. Tang was recalled.

But Mr. Harriman was not yet at the end of his resources, although he had been defeated in Japan and unforeseen death had upset the Washington conferences. Now, through a Paris banker, he approached the Russian Minister of Finance, and obtained his promise of support. But even here fate was against him; for while he was dealing with the Minister of Finance, the Russian Foreign Minister agreed to an entente with Japan, which balked his purpose. In 1910, Russia and Japan strengthened their entente by an offensive and defensive alliance to safeguard their interests in Manchuria. Mr. Harriman died on September 9, 1909, before this second Russo-Japanese treaty was signed. With his passing, the greatest incentive for opening Manchuria ceased; and although there was further talk of the neutralization scheme and of Anglo-American developments there, Japan's bellicose attitude discouraged any further action.

Detailed consideration of this episode seems necessary to clarify in a measure the Far Eastern situation and our political attitude toward it, and to provide a background for the present American proposal to make the Open Door an actuality in the Far East. That proposal is embodied in the four-Power banking consortium to finance China; but it is necessary, in order that the background may be filled out a little further, to consider briefly the diplomatic history of this country with regard to loans to China.

After Mr. Knox had tried unsuccessfully to internationalize or "neutralize" the railroads in Manchuria, British, French, and German bankers began negotiating a loan for the construction of what was known as the Hukuang Railways into Szechwan. Under previous agreement, American participation had been promised in case China borrowed abroad for this purpose; and Mr. Knox, who perceived clearly enough that we could not lay down rules for the conduct of other nations in China unless we ourselves entered the game, took advantage of the opening. This was the first real entrance of the United States into Far Eastern affairs in the rôle of lender, and on that account it is worth quoting from a cablegram sent by Mr. Knox to Henry P. Fletcher, Chargé at Peking, while the negotiations were in progress: " . . . The fact that the loan is to be secured on *likin* revenues makes it of the greatest importance that the United States should participate therein in order that this Government, owing to its lien on provincial revenues, may be in a position to exercise an influence equal to that of the other three Powers in any question arising through the pledging of these levies, and to enable the United States, moreover, again to support China in her endeavor in securing the abolition of *likin* and the increase in the customs tariff."

At one juncture President Taft himself cabled Prince Chun, Regent of China, saying he was "disturbed at the reports that there is a certain prejudiced opposition to our Government's arranging for equal participation in the present railway loan"; and assuring him that participation was desired "upon broad national and impersonal principles of equity and good policy, in which a regard for the best interests of your country has a prominent part." Owing to a tenacity amounting almost to obduracy, the United States gained a representation on the loan through a Wall Street banking group, and shared for the first time in those political and commercial favors, privileges, and concessions which had formed the basis of other nations' spheres of influence. In his message to Congress of December 7, 1909, President Taft said in regard to the Hukuang enterprise: "Because this railroad loan represented a practical and real application of the Open Door policy through cooperation with China by interested Powers, as well as because of its relations to the reforms referred to above [customs and currency] the Administration deemed American participation to be of great national interest. . . . The chief of those terms [for the loan] was that American railway material should be upon an exact equality with that of the other nationals joining in the loan in the placing of orders for this whole railroad system. . . . It is gratifying that Americans will thus take their share in this extension of those great highways of trade, and to believe that such activities will give a real impetus to our commerce and will prove a practical corollary to our historic policy in the Far East."

The Hukuang group was expanded subsequently to admit Russia and Japan, in what was known as the six-Power group, formed to finance administrative and currency reforms in China. It was participation in this loan that Woodrow Wilson, during his first administration, declined to sanction. But although Mr. Wilson did not approve the conditions of the loan, perhaps partly because Democratic organs had made political capital of criticizing the Taft Administration for favoring it, it is interesting to observe that he took an entirely practical view of the material advantages to be gained from the Open Door; for the concluding paragraphs of a statement he gave to the press on March 18, 1913, were as follows:

The Government of the United States is earnestly desirous of promoting the most extended and intimate trade rela-

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tionships between this country and the Chinese Republic.

The present Administration will urge and support the legislative measures necessary to give to American merchants, manufacturers, contractors, and engineers the banking and other financial facilities which they now lack and without which they are at a serious disadvantage as compared with their industrial and commercial rivals. This is its duty. This is the main material interest of its citizens in the development of China. Our interests are those of the Open Door—a door of friendship and mutual advantage. This is the only door we care to enter.

But there came a time, apparently, when Mr. Wilson arrived at a different view of the Far Eastern situation; for the loan to China of the Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago, negotiated during the world war and secured by tobacco and wine revenues, had Mr. Wilson's approval. It was because the six-Power group proposed to take such a lien on some of China's revenues that Mr. Wilson had withheld his approval; and when the group, reduced to four by the collapse of Russia and the cancellation of Germany's interest, planned a new loan of its own, Mr. Wilson promised the support of the Administration.

A belief had been deepening, not in Mr. Wilson's mind, but in the minds of students of Far Eastern affairs, that the best hope for China's continued integrity lay in the substitution of coöperative for competitive financial assistance. Perhaps the idea sprang from the suggestion of Mr. Tang, perhaps from the experience of the Hukuang loan. It was elaborated by Paul S. Reinsch, until recently United States Minister to Peking, and his memorandum formed the basis of the preliminary discussions at Paris on the subject of an international China consortium.

As at present projected, the United States, Great Britain, France, and Japan will be represented through banking groups in a syndicate to lend China $200,000,000, or some such sum, to meet its outstanding obligations, to effect administrative and currency reforms, and to develop its resources. Other Powers would be admitted as they qualified financially. There must be a complete public accounting of the expenditure of borrowed funds. Thirty-seven banks in all parts of the United States are included in the American group, and eighteen in the Japanese. France and Great Britain have not announced their groups.

It has been suggested that a civil service system be instituted in China, to do away with nepotism and "squeeze" and to promote administrative efficiency; that an international commission be formed to supervise the expenditure of the consortium funds; and that outstanding railway, commercial, industrial, and political privileges be surrendered by the holders in return for fair compensation. Such spheres of influence in China are usually based on loans, often for railroad construction, and it is obvious that if the money is to be spent to China's best advantage, and therefore to the best advantage of the holders of Chinese securities, the development and reform must proceed without favoritism to any certain spheres or regard for any privileged interests. Such an ideal arrangement is impossible unless rich concessions are surrendered, and unless the railroads to be built in China are standardized in equipment. It would require the annulment of all secret agreements. It would end the hazardous balance of power. It would bring the Open Door out of the realm of fiction into actual being.

Enormous obstables lie in the path of such an achievement. Even in China there is some objection to it, chiefly among the militarist faction in Peking, on the ostensible ground that it may infringe the nation's sovereignty; but certainly that could be protected, at least in its present dubious status. The more serious difficulties appear within the ranks of those who would participate in the consortium. Japan is openly opposed to including Manchuria, Mongolia, Fukien, and Shantung in the operations of the consortium; its representatives went to Paris relying on the Lansing-Ishii agreement, which concedes the Mikado's superior interest in Far Eastern affairs, and hoping not only to exclude the Japanese spheres, but to arrange that Japan should hold the purse-strings. Japan has profited hugely, both from the financial and from the political standpoints, by reason of her loans to China during the war which, with the exception of the small amount obtained from the Continental and Commercial Bank of Chicago, were China's sole financial support. As security China pledged to Japan mining and forestry rights in Kirin and Keilungkiang, telegraph receipts, railroad properties, interior customs, and salt revenues, and consented to the secret Treaty of Tokio, which was the trump card played by Japan at Paris in gaining Shantung. Japan does not propose to surrender her opulent privileges.

But Great Britain and France, even though they do not relish the prospects of throwing their holdings into a common pot, cannot in safety or with a clear conscience permit Japan to continue this pawnbroker method of financing China, even if she were able to continue it without other help. France and Great Britain, moreover, owe the United States nearly eight billions of dollars, and are hopeful of obtaining further favors. They know that the immediate funds required by China must come from the United States, and that however selfish our conduct may seem in the cold light of facts, we are likely to inspire some confidence in a transaction which involves the very existence of China. It seems clear that France and Great Britain can be depended upon to support this Government in any procedure it undertakes with firmness. The United States has the whip-hand.

Even so, our policy in the past toward the Far East has been so vacillating that many may think it visionary to hope for single-minded and courageous action now. If the proposal were merely altruistic and looked solely to the stability and integrity of China, it would indeed be visionary; for it is too much to expect international idealism in a society founded on capital. The best to be hoped for is that capital may be put to uses profitable to itself and advantageous to society. The exploitation which has been in operation in China so far is strangely blind to its own interests. China's good fortune would ultimately react no less to the advantage of the world at large than to that of China itself. The consortium now being worked out offers rich returns not only to the bankers immediately involved, but to contractors, manufacturers, and traders, and to the whole world, in the safer and speedier development of a fabulously productive but governmentally backward country. It offers an agency not only for the peaceful enforcement of the Open Door, but for the peaceful solution of a problem even now big with the threat of war. It is incredible that furtive concessionnaires should be permitted to wreck the plan or to defeat its purposes when its consummation promises vast material advantages and an improved political condition.

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The German Democratic Party

THE *Berliner Tageblatt* for December 9, 1919, prints the following program unanimously adopted by the Convention of the German Democratic party at Leipzig.

The German Democratic party arose at the hour of the greatest need in our country. Not following the model of the old parties, but unifying the whole people in the spirit of modern democracy, it will steadfastly pursue the aim of a state in a continuous process of social and cultural development. The party's permanent principles are freedom and justice.

The whole people, with no differences of class, occupation, or religion—for democracy means adjustment of interests; it means the removal of every permanent obstacle between the rulers and the ruled; it means equal rights for all in the organization of the state as well as of society. Let the individual be free in his spiritual development and economic activity. More ardently than ever let us devote ourselves to our sorely tried nation. We believe in the German people; and we have faith that through its own strength it will rise again from the misfortunes of the present hour. According to these principles we form our program.

I. The State

1. Domestic Policy. The relation of the individual to the state is determined by the conception of civic duty. It is this duty which gives definite meaning to the rights of fellow-citizens. The equal rights of all form the cornerstone of this citizen state. Its cohesion through a sense of duty insures the unified will of the state. For this reason we advocate the idea of a people's state which must at the same time be a constitutional state.

The German Democratic party stands for the Weimar Constitution. It finds its highest political task in the protection and execution of this Constitution, and in the education of the people to civic consciousness. The German Democratic party therefore demands the gradual development of the German Republic to even greater unity, with the greatest possible autonomy for the different states.

We demand unconditionally equality of opportunity for all in legislation and administration. The legislation still existing which limits the rights of women must be repealed. The administrative organization must be built up on a free foundation, retaining the specially trained public servants, but also freely granting participation of the lay element of the community in the solution of state problems.

The present standing army of mercenaries imposed upon us by the Peace of Versailles is at variance with the nature of a democratic military organization. This demands rather the system of universal military service which is as adaptable to the defense of national independence as it is unadapted to become a tool for military aggression; and it also helps the physical well-being and civic education of youth.

2. Foreign Policy. The imperial idea, which controls the relations of the individuals within the state, shall also determine the relation of the states one to another within the empire. Not might and power but right and justice shall determine the relationships of the peoples in the future. The party therefore stands for the self-determination of peoples.

In accordance with this principle we demand the immediate revision of the peace treaties of Versailles and of St. Germain, for otherwise a lasting peace is impossible. Until revision occurs, we must attempt honorably to fulfil the terms of the treaty. But we will never acknowledge the dictation of force as a permanent legal order. No German stock shall be denied the possibility of joining its own people. We can never recognize the separation of sections of the German people from the fatherland as the permanent decision of history. We therefore will fight for their return to Germany. Together with the protection of Germans abroad and their intimate reciprocal relationship with the fatherland, this is the centre of German foreign policy. During the period of separation it is a national duty to help those of our own people who are subject to foreign rule to preserve their nationality. We also regard the protection of national minorities in Germany as a matter of honor.

No civilized nation can refuse to help in opening up and developing the backward countries. Germany's part in the spiritual uplift of humanity warrants participation in colonial activity. We will always resist the theft of our colonies which took place under flimsy pretexts.

The final realization of our ideas can only come through a unified league of all free states working together. We therefore champion the idea of a league of nations, the first duty of which shall be to maintain the peaceful coöperation of nations and which shall at the same time become an international community.

II. Cultural Questions

The building of the new Germany can only be successful through steady, clear-sighted attention to the intellectual welfare of the people, without suppression of personality, with regard to individual differences, and with respectful consideration for every honorable conviction. On such a foundation alone can develop the highest creation of the human spirit: the civilized state (*Kulturstaat*).

1. Schools and Education. The school is the cornerstone of the *Kulturstaat.* Freedom in learning and freedom in teaching are and will remain the immovable foundation of our intellectual organization. The German youth shall have compulsory education until the fourteenth year and instruction shall be continued to the eighteenth year. From that time on every one must be given the opportunity for further education insuring the fullest development of all his powers.

Our people suffer from social, political, and religious divisions. The public school for all, developing each according to special gifts and aptitude, assures its unity now in peril. With a public school, teaching all children their first lessons as a basis, are developed the branching systems of secondary, vocational, and continuation schools, technical and commercial schools, up to the universities. We repudiate all private schools, which develop children according to the social position, wealth, or creed of their parents. Private schools as substitutes for the compulsory public school can be permitted only in exceptional cases for serious educational reasons. Instruction in the public schools must be gratuitous.

No child shall go through school without becoming familiar with the fundamental facts of religious history. In this way the value of religious education shall be realized without any compulsion upon conscience in the school or at home. Denominational religious instruction shall be left to the churches.

2. Science, Art, and Literature. Science, art, and literature give comfort and adornment to the structure of the *Kulturstaat.* They should be unrestricted in life and in the press. Their right and duty to increase the culture and good breeding of the people should be recognized; they should induce intellectual progress, refinement, and recreation; and with a feeling of constant responsibility toward the community as a whole, awaken and deepen the same feeling.

3. Religion and the Church. The crowning of the *Kulturstaat,* however, is the fullest freedom in the cultivation of philosophy and individual conviction. No limitations will be put upon existing churches, the establishment of new churches, or of free religious communities. After their separation the church and state will still have historical, intellectual, and practical relations. The separation must be brought about gradually but thoroughly. Grants hitherto made to the churches by the state shall, with due consideration to the circumstances, be stopped. Religious communities whose importance entitles them to such a position shall be given the rights of public corporations in the future.

III. Economics

The German Democratic party is a party of work; it is a party of the whole people, not of special classes; a party of mutual understanding, neither preserving nor increasing con-

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flicts of interest. Its goal in the sphere of economics is the state of social justice. This is not to be reached by any single formula. The socialization of the means of production in the sense of their general acquisition by the state would be a fatal bureaucratization of industry; a reduction of the products of industry disastrous to the whole people would be threatened. We repudiate this and stand firmly for private control as the normal form of industry.

Therefore we demand, first, that monopolistic power in the hands of an individual or a small group be not tolerated. Hence for land, that most important monopoly of the people, our policy is to resist land speculation and to divide large estates immediately in order to establish a system of independent peasant families doing their own work.

In like manner that reconstruction which alone can make possible the fulfilment of our future tasks depends on a new advance of industry and commerce. Bureaucratic measures and unnecessary regulations must be eliminated. But here, too, the common interest is superior to that of the individual. So the state must exercise its supreme power in industry, commerce, banking, and insurance, wherever natural monopoly exists, wherever trusts have in fact already limited or ended economic freedom. We reject loosely conceived experiments which regulate everything according to a single scheme.

Second, we demand that social injustice in the distribution of property and income be done away with.

Third, we demand that efforts be made to oppose the tendency to make a machine of the worker. A master-and-servant relationship against which the individual is helpless has grown up. The specialization of industry threatens to rob labor of its soul. Hence hand work and small industry, in which the direct relation of the individual to the product of his labor is preserved, shall be protected and encouraged. This independent working class forms the bridge from the class of dependent workers to the free employer. The development of large-scale industry on the other hand makes the individual more and more an involuntary wheel in a huge machine, in which he no longer realizes the worth and meaning of his work. The specialization of labor and machinery, the development of which brought this about, cannot be abandoned, for that would mean a decrease of production, a lower standard of living, and a loss to millions of their means of existence. So a remedy must be sought in the democratization of industry. The employer's power of decision and readiness to assume responsibility must be retained, but the joy of work on the part of the worker is also a factor in production of the highest importance. Therefore we need a labor law in which employer and employee stand on equal terms. We require further a labor constitution, raising those mere dependents to conscious co-operators. The factory must pass from the master-and-servant relation to a coöperative community. The industrial serf must become an industrial citizen. In such fashion the democratic state of social justice will establish the dignity of the individual in industry.

Republicanism in Serbia

THE new Republican Democratic party in Serbia has issued a manifesto of which more than 30,000 copies are being distributed throughout the country. The following account of the manifesto's provisions is reprinted from the *Morning Post* (London) for February 19.

After pointing out that the country is already in a state of constant advance towards "a juster division of property and a more progressive form of state organization" (a concession which seems somewhat suicidal), the manifesto proceeds to describe the objects of the new party. On the economic side it aims at the protection of the small possessor against the growing tyranny of capital, and a more equitable distribution of the national wealth; labor must be secured in its rights by special laws, the *latifundia* must be suppressed, and land put at the disposal of all who can work it. Politically it demands the vote for all adults, and in military matters the reduction of the period of service to the minimum necessary for the training of a purely defensive army. . . .

"We consider that such far-reaching social and political reforms cannot be carried out in a monarchy, for monarchy is the natural and historical protector of privileged minorities and of the principle of unlimited private property. Further, monarchy is a primitive and outworn institution, standing in the way of continuous progress. Its supporters always have and always will have private interests of their own, which are for the most part in opposition to the general interests of the nation. . . . The republican form of state organization enables reforms to be carried out without commotion and civil strife, and accommodates itself much more easily to progress generally; under it the national will can be most completely expressed and realized. . . .

"Neither personal interest nor ambition has been our guide in this matter, but the deep conviction that the path we have chosen is the only one that will lead to national progress and well-being. . . . Our program is designed not for show nor for the purpose of deceiving the nation, like the majority of political programs, but in order that, should our party gain the victory at the elections, it may be carried out in all its particulars."

. . . The manifesto is signed by some of the most respected figures in Serbian political life—among them MM. Ljubomir Stojanovitch (ex-Prime Minister), Jasha Prodanovitch (ex-Minister), and Jovan Zhujovitch (ex-Minister and President of the Academy of Sciences)—and is bound to have a certain influence on the coming electoral struggle, though issued rather late in the day. Only Serbs of Serbia are concerned in the present demonstration.

Events of the Week

MARCH 7. Delayed dispatches from Tokio give for the first time a more or less complete account of the demonstrations for manhood suffrage which resulted in the dissolution of the Japanese Diet on February 26. The popular agitation over the suffrage debate in the Diet was increased by the fact that 20,000 men were idle on account of a serious strike in the Government steel works. Premier Hara avoided the issue for the Government by dissolving the Diet.

MARCH 10. A resolution proclaiming the independence of Egypt and the Sudan, protesting against the suspension of the Assembly, and denouncing the British Protectorate was adopted by fifty-two members of the Egyptian Legislative Assembly at a recent meeting at the house of Said Zagloul Pasha, who headed the Egyptian delegation to the Peace Conference.

Lord Robert Cecil's reply to an inquiry by the President of the Norwegian Storthing in regard to the military obligation of a member of the League of Nations, establishes an important point for small countries: "I have no doubt that your reading of Article VIII of the treaty is right. Undoubtedly it was never meant to put on any member of the League the burden and duty to keep up military forces."

MARCH 11. Dispatches from Cairo and Beirut through London state that the Syrian Congress at Damascus has declared Syria to be an independent state and that Prince Feisal, son of the King of Hejaz, has been proclaimed King of Syria. It is also reported that twenty-nine Mesopotamian leaders, now assembled at Damascus, are preparing to proclaim Mesopotamia a state and to form a joint government with Syria under the regency of Zeid, a brother of Prince Feisal. Apparently there is a willingness to accept the French as advisers.

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A bill introduced in the French Chamber of Deputies by the Government providing for the reëstablishment of relations between France and the Vatican was referred to the Finance and Foreign Committees. The preamble of the bill declares that national interests justify the measure and that it will not affect either the present day régime or the Church and State Separation Law.

MARCH 12. General Alvaro Obregon, in his latest campaign speech, promises that if he is defeated as a candidate for the Presidency he will not start a revolution; and in the event of his election, Mexican political exiles will be permitted to return.

The Peace Conference has definitely agreed upon a new Hungarian peace treaty which has been placed in the hands of a drafting committee to be completed within a week. The changes are not in the territorial terms against which Hungary protested so strenuously, but in the economic clauses, which are reported to be more lenient in their demands, especially in regard to reparations.

Following the announcement by Premier Nitti of the resignation of some of the members of the Italian Cabinet, the remaining members placed their portfolios at the Premier's disposal. The *Messagero* says that members of the Catholic party will not participate, since they cannot have a majority in the new Cabinet, so that the Premier will be entirely unrestricted in the formation of a new Government.

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